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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 8.

APRIL 15, 1898

Vol. XXXIII.

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CANNON
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SALT LAKE CITY, August 5th, 1896.

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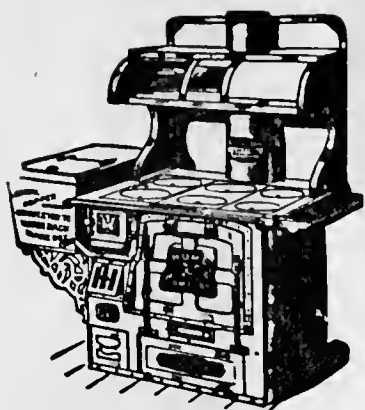
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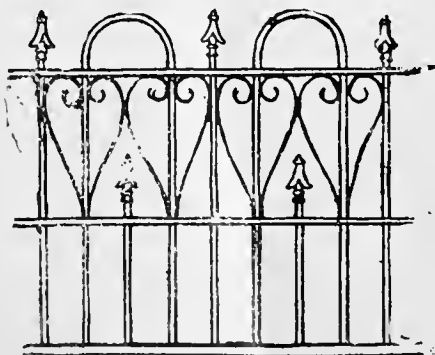


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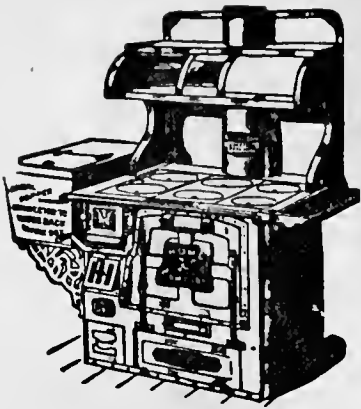
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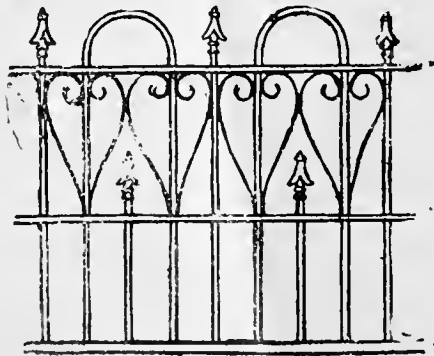
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

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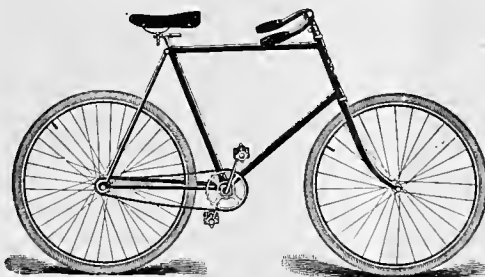
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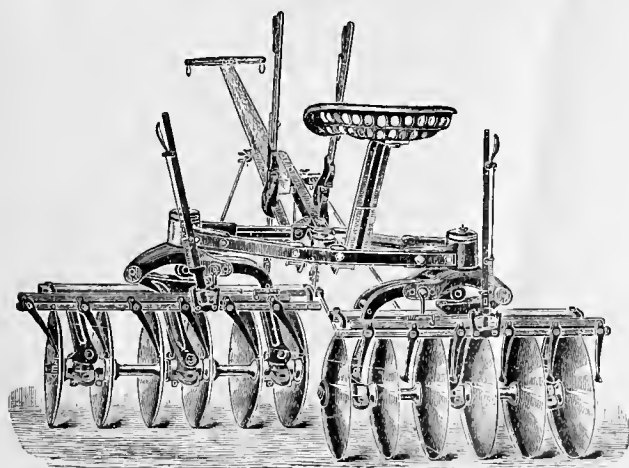
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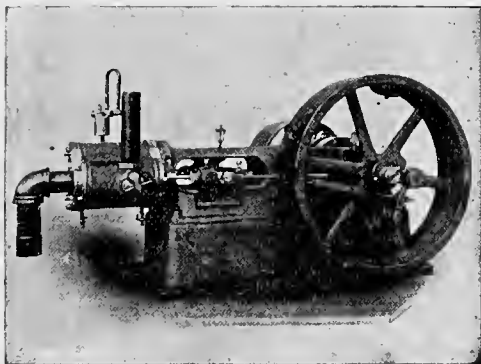
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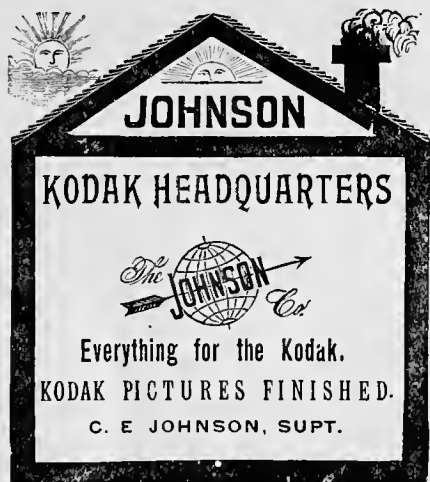
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

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IN THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

VIII.

THE steppes, to which attention was directed in the closing portion of the last article, are so important as features of southern and eastern Russia, and so interesting in their own peculiar physical conditions, that a further description is required. In their general aspect, these vast plains suggest the prairies of North America, though they are very inferior to such in climate, fertility, and other conditions which give the prairies their value as regions of great natural resources.

The steppes in all their wild monotonous glory are best displayed in the southern and south-eastern parts of Russia-in-Europe, as in the Caspian area, and also beyond the Urals in Asia; yet the steppe landscape in some degree of perfection is seen throughout

the southern provinces. The steppes appear as vast, almost uninterrupted plains stretching from the eastern boundaries of Austria-Hungary to the borders of China. The appearance of the region

varies with the seasons; so that the accounts given by travelers who have crossed these plains at different times in the year, agree as little as do the descriptions of southern Italy with those of Lapland. For a considerable part of the year cold conditions prevail throughout the steppe region; but the months of December, January and February, mark the time of Winter's undisputed sway. Then the region is



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a snow-field on which are waged some of the fiercest battles of the elements anywhere known. The snow, which in northern Russia becomes compact and hardened so as to form a practically perfect roadway for sledges, is ever loose and

drifting on the steppes. Dry and powdery, it is driven by fierce winds into the many deep ravines which mark the water courses of the warmer months; and under these conditions travel is rendered more hazardous because of the danger of running unawares into these snow-filled depressions.

A winter wind storm on the steppes is almost certain death to the unprotected traveler who may be caught in the path of its fury; he may be completely buried beneath the snow through the mere violence of the drift. It is needless to say that snow-slides, avalanches, and like catastrophes which are so terribly destructive in mountainous parts, are unknown upon the plains; yet it is doubtful if the danger to life be not greater in the wind-snow battles of the steppes than through the mountain avalanche; for while the latter is relatively more powerful within its limited area of separate canyon and individual mountain slope, the winter violence of the steppes extends over an area of thousands of square miles. It is said that during the period of most severe storms, even the imperial couriers, for whose hindrance no ordinary excuse is ever accepted, are allowed to remain under shelter for days at a time; for it is well known that if they attempt to proceed in the storm, the purpose of their mission will be thwarted through their own certain death.

In April the melting of the snow is well advanced; though for a month before, winter has been steadily losing its power, while struggling with unusual energy to retain its hold. Perhaps nowhere in the world is the transition period, which ultimately brings forth the spring, more turbulent; nowhere else does winter yield more reluctantly to the advancing year; and nowhere,

perhaps, is the spring-time victory over the Ice King more complete, and the transformation attending the change more impressive. During the melting season, the steppes are seas of mud, through which it is scarcely possible for men or animals to make their way. This condition lasts for a month or more; then, the spring cleaning over, Nature lays her carpet of richest verdure, and the great plains look like an interminable flower bed. Then the herbage is of the best; and the region, which but a short time before was arctic in the severity of its cold and the violence of its storms, is now semi-tropical in its rich beauty.

At such times the animation of nature is striking; there is a wealth of life, animal and plant. One sees vast herds of cattle, enormous flocks of sheep, and countless bands of horses, representing the wealth of princes; and beside, there is a variety of wild quadrupeds, with a profusion of bird and insect life, and a seeming superabundance of flowers. It is under such conditions on the steppes that one observer has said:—"Countless herds of cattle roam over these noble pasture grounds, on which a calf born at the foot of the great Chinese Wall, might eat his way along, till he arrived a well fattened ox on the banks of the Dneister, prepared to figure with advantage at the Odessa market."

Thunder storms are frequent during the latter part of spring and early summer; these however are not violent, and they are welcomed by the inhabitants of the steppes, for with the thunder come refreshing showers. In July the drouth has begun, and this becomes as extreme as were the floods of spring and the cold storms of winter. Water is then regarded as one of the most valuable commodities on the steppes; every little

spring is jealously guarded by those who have asserted ownership on the claim of first possession. Man and beast alike grow weak and haggard through the scorching dryness; and while the loss of life through heat and drouth may be less than during the terrible winter, the actual suffering is perhaps greater, for the agony is more prolonged. An observer, whose experience enabled him to draw comparisons between the summer of the Russian plains and the heated season on other deserts, has this to say: — "In many respects, the summer on the steppe is more cruel even than in the Sahara of Africa, or in the Llanos of South America, for in neither of these does the moisture so completely disappear from the soil; and in the African desert, wherever there is water, a little terrestrial paradise of date-trees and flowering shrubs is certain to be grouped around; but in the steppe, even the rivers flow only between grass, and reeds are the only shrubs by which the banks are fringed, while from the parched and gaping earth not even a cactus or an aloe peeps forth, into which a thirsty animal might bite to moisten its lips with the juice."

Of the plants of the steppes, many are classed as noxious weeds, collectively known as *burian*, and of these the wind-witch is perhaps the most noticeable. This plant develops a globular mass of fibre, with a rough and prickly surface, ranging from the size of a walnut to that of a man's head. As the roots die through the dryness, the weeds are torn up by the wind, and these with other balls, made up of plant debris cemented by mud and baked to the hardness of a stone, are driven before the wind with a speed surpassing that of a horse in full gallop. At times great numbers of these wind-driven missiles may be seen,

scouring over the plains; some of them are carried at a single bound many yards through the air, then they fall and roll more gently over the ground, to be afterward lifted and driven perhaps more violently than before. Demon racers of the steppes they have been called, and well do they deserve the name. Woe to the traveler who finds himself in the course of their mad flight. The discomfort of travel on the steppes during the summer is increased by the dust, which results from the breaking up of the baked mud.

But the summer vicissitudes of heat and aerial violence are at length tempered by the rain storms of the autumn, which come as a long deferred relief to the suffering denizens of the plains. It may be properly asked, who lives by choice upon the steppes? Are settlers there trying to make homes in a land of such extremes? Who would care to establish himself amid such inhospitable conditions? Yes, there are regular settlers in some of the less exposed spots, and little towns have sprung up here and there upon the desert. Yet such abiding places are hardly permanent: for as soon as the land which at first yielded bounteously to the husbandman's labor, becomes impoverished, no effort is made to fertilize the soil, but the community moves away to some other tract of untaxed fertility. But most of those who seek their living upon the steppes follow the occupation of stock-raising, and are known as *tshabawns* or shepherds; *tsheredniks* or cattle-men, and *tabuntshiks*, or horse-herders. Most of the mutton and beef of the great markets are raised on the steppes, and the riches of the wealthy are counted in the numbers of their herds and flocks.

As already intimated, the steppes are

practically treeless; however, many of the weeds, particularly thistles and reeds, grow to the size of shrubs; these are sought for shelter from the heat, and sometimes they are cut to be used in making the wretchedly poor huts in which the people live.

Among animals one notices the *sooslik* or prairie-hare, a small rodent, resembling rather a prairie dog than a rabbit; and then there are the wild dogs, and the wolves. The wolf of the steppes is smaller, and in many other respects less formidable than is the forest wolf of the north; nevertheless it is the cause of constant annoyance and loss to the people who live within its range. Gardens are destroyed, domestic animals are killed, and children are slaughtered and dragged off by these wild rovers. On the open plain both dogs and wolves burrow in the ground for shelter, and thus they are generally able to survive even the most inclement storms; though the animals prefer the lightly wooded borders of the steppes as a habitat. Like the coyotes of southern Utah, the wild dogs of Russia, and to some extent the wolves of the plains also, are very fond of fruit, and they frequently leave the steppes to invade the vineyards and orchards of the larger towns on the borders.

Among the insects of the steppes, the locust is of first importance in point of numbers and on account of its destructive powers. Perhaps no description is needed for Utah readers, other than the statement that the locust scourge in southern Russia is equally great with that of former days in our own land. It was not my fortune to observe a flight of locusts on the steppes; but from the descriptions given by those who had witnessed such, we learn that the insects travel in swarms so dense as to

darken the sun, and that when they come to the ground they clear all vegetation before them. When the advent of a locust swarm is expected a regular watch is maintained by the people, and at the first alarm everybody within hearing is required to turn out with some noise-producing instrument; tin cans, drums, rattles, guns and pistols are called into service, and by concerted action a deafening din is raised, by which the swarm is sometimes kept from alighting. Other means of defense such as the creating of a thick smoke by smoldering fires are sometimes resorted to; but if the swarm once reaches the ground the people give up in despair, for no method has yet been found effective in stopping the progress of a feeding army of locusts.

In some places the people turn the locust to good account as an article of food. Wherever this insect has been so used, the people regard it as wholesome, nutritious and palatable. In this connection it is well to remember that in our own country, the value of locusts as food has been demonstrated; and surely a comparison as to wholesomeness between shrimps and locusts, with a consideration of their differences of habitat and food, will not be to the disadvantage of the latter. And those who believe in scriptural precedent and authority in matters of diet will find a condemnation of the one in general terms, and a specific recommendation of the other.*

As to means of travel on the steppes; sledges only are of service during the snowy season. With a good sledge, a powerful troika or three horse team, and a skilful driver well acquainted with the

*See *Leviticus* xi, verses 10 and 22; also *Matthew* iii: 4; and *Mark* i: 6.

region, good progress may be made, if no violent storms be encountered. But when the ground is free of snow, the tarantass or hooded buckboard carriage previously described has to be used. Now that the great railway crosses the steppes, travel is comparatively easy; though, as our party learned by experience, the heat and other discomforts of an August journey are not trifling.

As we pursued our way toward the Urals, important stops were made at many of the larger towns. The kindest of treatment was accorded us wherever we went; banquets and receptions were tendered by noblemen and other wealthy mine and land-owners in such numbers that many of the invitations had to be declined. A notable entertainment of the kind was given at Simsk, a town situated by a picturesque lake of the same name in the government of Ufa. Nothing was spared in making the occasion worthy of the wealthy and powerful mining company at whose instance the invitation was extended.

An improvised railway track had been laid from the main line to the place of entertainment,—a distance of several miles, and over this the party traveled on flat-cars drawn by horses. A pavilion had been erected for the feast, and of this the illustration will convey a fairly correct idea. Flags of all nations represented in the party were displayed, and on this, as on other occasions, the stars and stripes were given a place of distinction. In the picture may be seen the crossed-hammers, which constitute the professional symbol of the geologist and mining engineer in Russia, and which formed the principal device in the badge of the congress; there also, is the official name *Congres Geologique International* which greeted us in the decorations on every side. The feast

was served with lavish abundance, reminding one of the descriptions given of the great feudal entertainments in olden times. Among the principal dishes was a huge sterlot,—one of the most highly prized of Russian fishes;—this particular specimen was about six feet in length; it had been cooked whole, and was carried into the pavilion on a magnificent dish by four men. Liquors of many kinds, wines, brandies, cognac, eau de vie, and the national vodka, were supplied without stint to all who desired that kind of refreshment. On the outside of the pavilion hundreds of natives had gathered to watch the foreigners eat. Speeches were made in Russian, English, French, German, Spanish, Japanese, etc., by representatives of the nations indicated. There was music throughout the day and evening, and as the twilight faded the grounds were illuminated by many colored lanterns; and typical Russian songs and dances were rendered for our instruction and amusement. Then, at a late hour, the party returned over the horse-railway, escorted by great crowds of moujiks who ran by the side of the cars carrying torches to light our way.

J. E. Talmage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE chief office of silence is to bury all that is evil, and the chief office of speech is to disclose and disseminate all that is good. Let this be done with sincerity and earnestness, and let no criticism discourage it, for its ultimate benefit to character and to conduct is established beyond a doubt.

THE power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

IN MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

THEY were a merry party—the physician and his young wife, the Mormon preacher, the two lads going on a European mission, and the wife's sister, a winsome, vivacious maid of seventeen.

They had visited some of the notable places in Boston, and had also "done" some of the many places of interest in Cambridge, and the wife had remarked tentatively at the breakfast table that morning, "I dare say you people would like to visit the historical points in Cambridge, made sacred by Washington, today? Of course, we—that is—ahem—the Doctor—"

"Why don't you call him your husband, cousin?" teasingly interrupted the missionary cousin. "Now, repeat after me—my husband."

"Oh, do stop your nonsense! I was going to say that you folks would no doubt go to visit Washington's tree, and other places like that."

"I thought," said the maiden, "we were going to see Mount Auburn today?"

The wife exchanged knowing looks with the Doctor.

"Well, I thought perhaps we—that is, you—or I—don't you see?"

"Of course, we all see," said the teasing cousin. "We can't help but see that you want us to go off anywhere, so that you and your husband," with marked emphasis on the last word, "can go relic hunting by yourselves to Mount Auburn."

"Now come," said the missionary friend, "let us all go with you, Sister Doctor, "and I'll agree to take such good care of this cousin of yours that he shan't get near you."

"I'll engage," gravely said the preacher, "to so occupy this little

maiden's time that she shall be no encumbrance to your pleasure."

"That's the part I don't like," growled the cousin to his friend the missionary, for he overheard the preacher's remark. "I think I'll take a hand in that game myself."

"Oh, bother, lad! Don't you know that you and I are on our way to fill a mission, and we have neither time nor the right to fool around girls."

"Well, Maidie isn't an ordinary girl; she's my cousin."

"Cousins are pretty dangerous companions sometimes."

"Oh, you can talk. You have left your girl safe and sound in Utah, but mine—"

"What are you boys talking about over there," said the wife, with her pretty, matronly air. "I have decided that we shall all go together; I daresay we shall get along all right."

"What a blessing it is for a man to have a wife who can adjust herself to irrevocable conditions," remarked the Doctor, as he followed his young wife out of the hall door.

They walked along, two by two, just like "country bumpkins out for a stroll," as the Doctor remarked to his wife.

"Aren't these clean, brick-paved sidewalks lovely?" asked the maiden, turning back to envelop the whole party in her impersonal remark. "And did you ever see such quaint, crooked streets? And can it be possible that those queer, farmer-looking men are really, truly professors in the great Harvard University? And what plainly dressed girls and women! Why, they dress better than this in Goshen."

"In Goshen, dress counts," answered the Doctor, sententiously; "and in Boston brains count."

"Well, I can't see why a pretty home inside need look like a poorhouse on the outside," retorted the maiden, with some hint of acrimony in her tones.

"I rather agree with that myself," added the wife. And she remembered the exquisite fit of her modest but pretty homemade worsted, with its dainty silk linings and modest tailor finish; and the remembrance of the dress and consequent glances from every passer-by decided her that there was something to be said on the side of Goshen.

"Oh, what a lovely old tree!" exclaimed the maiden, with clasped hands of rapture.

"Yes," said the preacher, who stood by her sharing her admiration. "This is Washington's tree, so-called, because—because—how is it, Doctor? My memory is so poor for dates. What was the exact date?"

The Doctor looked as if he might offer some objections to acting as guide for the whole party, and his wife hastened to add:

"Oh that's an old story. Here comes the car. Quick; they never stop short of the corner."

There was some manœuvring on the part of cousin and friend, but it ended in all the men of the party standing, to give room to other women who boarded the car and were without seats.

"Everyone in this car will know at once that we are from the west," said the Doctor to his comrade.

"Why so?" asked the preacher.

"No one but a southerner or westerner gets up in a street car for a woman out here in the east."

"Then thank God I am a westerner," said the preacher quietly; "for I hope never to see the day when I can take my ease while a woman is uncomfortable or in need, before my eyes."

The two missionary lads heard the remark and reply, and a determination forever fixed itself in their minds to be worthy of being called a westerner at all times and in all places.

The car stopped in front of a massive barred iron gate, which closed the beautiful iron fence round what seemed to be a magnificent park.

"Is this the cemetery?" asked the maid. "Why, it looks like the Chicago Park."

"Nevertheless this is a cemetery," answered her sister.

Entering through the little house which stands guard near the gate, the whole party then stepped out into the open space beyond. Each was affected by the exquisite loveliness of the scene spread before them but each in his own way.

A rolling expanse of grass-covered hills and dales, with here and there a small grove of trees, and again a single tree, all so skilfully arranged or unarranged that it was like the beautiful vales in the tops of their own Utah mountains. No set devices, no rows of tombstones, no stiff, crowded flower-plats, no regularity; but everywhere little winding paths leading up over a hillside, or down into a tiny nook, now a broad expanse of rich green, unbroken by tree or flower. And following the simple natural beauty of the park, man had adopted nature's own suggestion. Here was a grave under a spreading elm or cypress; again a little cluster of white tombstones marked the last home of a whole family grouped in death, as in life, close to each other. But there was over all such a feeling of repose and silent peace, that the little maid's eyes filled with tears and dropped unnoticed by herself upon her bosom.

"What is it troubles you, my child?"

said the preacher. "You are weeping."

"Am I?" she breathed, half-smiling, half-sighing. "I am thinking of the graves of my dear little brothers in Utah. Not green and lovely like this, but barren and unkempt. It isn't papa's fault, you know, for we have no water in our cemetery. But, oh, when I see these lovely places, it makes me long to fix up our own dear towns like these."

"What a dear little practical puss Maidie is," whispered the wife to her husband. "When she weeps it is for a specific purpose. She does not feel the infinite sorrow of the multitude, but she weeps for our own little dead brothers."

"Perhaps you misjudge her. She is so young she does not fathom the source of her own emotions: but when asked why she is deeply moved she seeks for some tangible hook upon which to fasten her grief."

"Maybe so, maybe so. Anyway, Maidie is lovely always. You know how I love her."

The two strolled away then, telling the others of the party that they would meet at the entrance gate in three hours from that time.

The two young missionaries struck off by themselves, though not without some preliminary haggling between them, as the cousin preferred to keep strict watch of his little girl cousin: but his friend wanted him to go clear around the whole place, in just the calm, business-like way young America has of doing these things; and he proposed they should afterwards sit down under the shade of some of the beautiful trees and get out their Bible and study (the friend thought very much of his mission.) But the cousin just now thought more about his sweet young relative, and tried to persuade himself that his sole objection

to her wandering around all creation with the grave, middle-aged preacher was because she herself would not enjoy the converse of age and maturity.

"Why, Maidie is just my age," he said protestingly to his friend; "and what does she want to run around with that grey-haired old man for."

"Why, lad, how can you talk that way?" answered his friend. "Our preacher is not lorty, and his raven hair sprinkled with grey is handsome in the extreme. I don't blame Maidie a bit. He can talk sense."

"And I can't I suppose," exploded the irascible cousin.

"Oh, come along. You talk a heap of nonsense when you are with the girls. Come on; there they go, and Maidie hasn't even looked back to see where you are."

"Well I'll wait until they turn that bend in the road, and if Maidie doesn't look back once, I will go with you. But if she does—" and he paused gloomily.

He waited in moody watchfulness till the preacher and his pretty companion were completely out of sight. Then the youth, with an indignant scowl and a huge swallowing of the lump in his throat, jerked his arm in that of his friend, and together they walked briskly away, determined to see all there was to see in Mount Auburn Cemetery in the allotted three hours.

The preacher and his companion strolled first one way and then another. They had no definite purpose, and both were so deeply stirred by the influences of the scene about them that they had little desire to make plans or follow definite lines. Once in awhile they came upon the tomb of some world-famous man or woman, and then the maid would bend over, and with her lit-

tle, nervous, yet tender and reverential hands, she would gather a tiny leaf or spray, to carry away with her as a remembrance of her visit.

"You know," she said, as they lingered near Longfellow's simple tomb, "I haven't had the education my sister has; I don't know very much about these great writers and thinkers. Mother wouldn't let me go to school very much, for I was not strong as a child, and she said health was better than education when one has to choose between the two."

I think your mother is entirely right," answered the preacher, noting the delicate flush of health upon cheek and lip, the clear skin, the bright flash of health in her sparkling grey eyes, and the rounded outlines of as perfect a form as nature ever made. No withering clasp of steel or bone had ever marred the exquisite outline of inner and outer curves.

"You have had wise parents," he added after these reflections had passed through his mind.

"Oh, I know that; and I love my dear parents. I have heard my father often repeat the words with which the prophet Nephi began the recital of his life in the Book of Mormon: 'I, Nephi, having been born of goodly parents,' and I often have repeated that in my own heart. I am so grateful to God for that."

"Who was it—I think it was wise Emerson, who lies over in Sleepy Hollow, who says every one has the right to be well born. We who know more of pre-existence than he does may differ a little as to the whole of that saying, but certain it is that you and I, who have been born under the covenant of the Priesthood, and of goodly parents should spend a lifetime in gratitude to our

heavenly and our earthly parents for this blessing.

They wandered at will through the winding paths, now lingering in some lonely spot to read the legends sometimes carved on modest slab or pretentious monument; then hurrying onward as they met a crowd of sight-seers like themselves, perhaps bent on visiting every spot of renown in this famous cemetery.

At last they found a still pool, set in surrounding hills, like a cup of green, holding in its depths a deep and clear draught for some ancient goddess.

"Look!" exclaimed the maid. "Was ever anything half so lovely? See, there are waterlilies, too, floating around! And, oh, I have never seen them before. Can we go near, and must we not pick them? How I would love one, just one, for I never saw any before."

The preacher led the way silently down the little path, and reaching the edge of the pool, he as silently reached afar out, and even plunged his foot within the water's edge to grasp and pluck one of the silvery white flowers lying on the breast of the water like fairy boats or "starry pincushions," as the maiden gaily nicknamed them.

She sat down a little way up the hillside, and held in her lap her other leaves and the blossom just now gathered; and caressing the waxy petals of the lily, she pressed them silently against her cheek in silent rapture.

The look in her eyes touched her companion, and he asked gently:

"What is it, my child? What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I can't just tell. You know how we have longed and planned for me to travel, mother and I, and she has told me of the beauty of the world; and I

have read some things about such lovely places as this; and I have seen pictures of pools with silent beds of swaying lilies on their bosom, and now to be really here, to see these things and to have my dreams all come true; and then this heavenly spot; and oh, I am so happy and yet so sad, I can scarcely tell you."

The preacher felt a perfect sympathy with the unspeakable rapture which just now swayed his little companion, and he was very still for a long time, waiting for the tide of feeling to sweep on its way unmolested.

At length he said softly, "I can understand your feelings. I felt so, when I took my first mission abroad."

"Was that very long ago?" asked the maiden, unconscious of the implication of her innocent question.

"Not more than a hundred," he answered gravely but quizzingly.

"Oh, to be sure not," she said. Then added, "You are not so very old, are you?"

This was too much for even his gravity, and he laughed aloud. What a child she was still! The innocent freshness of genuine maidenhood was too rare even in Utah for him to wish it otherwise when once he found the bloom on the lovely peach. Not with his own consent should he brush this delicate bloom away. So he adroitly turned the conversation and said:

"Can you not sing for me? There is no one near. We are lost to all human ears and eyes."

She was not used to framing paltry excuses. That was her gift, music, and she gave it with simple generosity to all who craved or asked it of her. And so, with just a glance about her to make sure no one would hear her, she lifted up her voice, and sang:

Long, long ago a native land was mine
Where grew the mighty oaks so high,
And violets sweet the sky.
It was a dream.

And when I reached this lonely foreign shore,
Did I a lovely maid behold,
With hair of shining gold,
It was a dream.

She spoke and kissed me,
With what joy I heard,
My native tongue and that sweet word
She said: 'I love but thee!'
It was a dream.

"It was a dream!" sighed he as the tones died away. "Do dreams ever come true? Cannot you and I claim the right to make these dreams come true?"

"I have sometimes dreamed things which foreshadowed the future. Mother says dreams are often given of God."

Again the man saw she had failed to fathom his meaning. He sighed a little as he said softly, "You are going out into the world, my child, to perfect yourself in your glorious gift of music. Tell me, child, have you left behind you any youthful sweetheart?"

The girl sat a moment, very silent and absorbed with some new emotion.

"No," she said at last. "I have many friends, but none of them have ever," (she paused a moment), "none of them have asked me anything I would not tell to you or anyone."

The man beside her had had enough experience in life to understand the delicate meaning shrouded in the somewhat ambiguous words of the little maid beside him.

"You know, my child, that a pure girl's soul is like this pool of water at our feet. It mirrors clouds and sun as they pass over its surface. And so, too, it bears the white lilies of innocent trust, and if some one should throw poison weeds or vile rubbish upon its surface, the waters would be clouded with the contact. Again, dear child, if within its

depths there stirred a silent longing for some pleasant companionship, a love, perhaps for someone who had leaned above its clear mirror and imprinted thereon an image of himself. We, if we had power, could discern the face of the lover by looking into the depth of the water below us. The simile is not so clear as if our friend the Doctor had smoothed it out and polished it up, but I want you to let me look in the depth of your innocent soul, and let me see, if you will, whether there is already planted there the image of some fortunate lover who will some day claim you as his own."

The girl sat perfectly still, her whole being shaken within by a new and strange emotion.

"I think I know what you would ask me," she faltered at last, "and I can tell you truly that as yet no one has ever said half so serious a thing to me on this subject as you have yourself just now uttered."

"Dear child, I cannot but be glad that this is as you tell me it is. You are going away for two or three years. I want to make two requests of you. I want you to promise me that you will not listen to any such serious words from any man that you may meet while abroad. I want to ask you to be ready to listen to something I shall have to tell you when you come home from your long study in that foreign country. Will you let me ask this, and the other, both; answer both in one, if you like."

The girl twisted the slender stem nervously around, the lily almost breaking from its support with the rough usage. Then, with shining eyes and trembling lips, she whispered softly,

"I will try."

"That is enough;" then sprang lightly to his feet, and saying almost gayly,

"I insist upon having one of those long green leaves near that white lily you hold so closely; it shall be my book mark till you return." He took the slender leaf, which broke from its place near the white petals of her flower, and laid it carefully in his hand.

After gazing long and silent in rapture at the scene spread about and below them, Boston, Cambridge, and the winding river, he sat down on a bench and watched the girl as she read with gathering interest the printed instructions to all visitors within those hallowed precincts.

"Do you know what this says?" she asked her companion.

"Perhaps," he answered nonchalantly.

"Why, it says that no one is allowed, under penalty of a fine, to pluck a single leaf in all this cemetery. And look what I have done: gathered leaves from a dozen graves, besides this lovely water-lily. You yourself have shared in my spoils. You have a leaf, and isn't a leaf as bad as a whole flower or tree? You shall give up your leaf if I have to give up my flower, and I shall inform on myself, sir, even if you are not honest enough for that. I could never rest if I thought I had anything in my possession which belonged to another."

"Right you are, my child," he said, keeping pace with her flying feet. "But the case is different with me. What I have is my own, and I shall not relinquish it, not even at the risk of my life."

She flashed back at him a sidelong glance, and sprang towards her sister, the wife, who met them just at the entrance of the gateway.

"What now, little sister?"

"Oh, see what I have taken! And I did not read what was on the tower about not plucking even a leaf until I

had gathered all these; and now I want to pay the fine or give them up."

"Remarkably unsophisticated," muttered the Doctor.

"Dear me! Is honesty so unusual as to be remarked," said his wife, with clear, frank directness. "I think Maidie is exactly right."

"To be sure you do," answered the Doctor. "You are a distinct 'pair of them.'"

"Well, here come the boys," said the wife, "and I don't see any guard for you to confess your sins to, Maidie, so I guess we had better take the car which is just there, and hurry home to the hotel. Isn't Mount Auburn the loveliest spot on earth?"

"Oh, its good enough to be buried in," answered the missionary friend, with his "young American air of not being surprised into anything."

I think it abominably lonesome," added the sulky cousin. The stroll and even his study in the Bible did not quite take the bitter taste from his soul, and when he saw his cousin give a quick glance at the dark face of the preacher, as she said recklessly:

"Well, I think it's just too heavenly for words! Never mind the slang, but anyway, I never saw a more beautiful place for a cemetery in my life." Then indeed her youthful male cousin glared at the preacher, and tossing his hand out to the approaching car, he said savagely:

"Seems to me the sight of some people is in their mind's eye."

"Keep me, dear child, in your mind's eye and in the core of your heart till you return," whispered the preacher, as he lifted the maiden on the car.

"I will try."

"Try what?" asked her sister.

"To remember Mount Auburn and its loveliness," answered the maiden.

STORIES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Alma At The Waters Of Mormon.

Now Alma, the young priest who had fled from the servants of King Noah, repented of his sins and went around among the people and taught them the words of Abinadi. This he did secretly that what he was doing might not be known to the king. And many believed the truths which he laid before them.

Those who believed Alma's words went with him to a retired spot a little outside of the city. This place was called Mormon. It was a beautiful out-of-the-way place, at seasons infested by wild beasts, but there was a lovely fountain of water there, and a dense thicket of small trees. In this thicket Alma hid himself in the day time from the spies sent after him by the king. In the night time he would come out and preach the principles of the Gospel to those who gathered to hear him. In due time he called upon those who wished to be saints to come forward and be baptized in the waters of Mormon.

When the people heard that they might do this they clapped their hands for joy, crying out, This is the desire of our hearts. Then Alma took Helam, one of the believers, into the water, and said, "O Lord, pour out thy Spirit upon thy servant, that he may do this work with holiness of heart. When he had said these words the Spirit of the Lord came upon Alma and he baptized Helam, and they both came up out of the water rejoicing. Then Alma took others, one by one, into the water, until he had baptized one hundred and four souls.

Alma next organized a church, and all who had been baptized were members of it. This church was called the Church of God, or the Church of Christ,

and all who from time to time were baptized by the authority of God were added to this church.

As Alma held the holy priesthood, he ordained some of those who had been

loving and kind, one to another, to keep holy the Sabbath day, and to give thanks to the Lord at all times for His goodness towards them. One day in every week was set apart when the



ALMA BAPTISING AT THE WATERS OF MORMON.

baptized to be priests. These priests he instructed to preach faith and repentance and the things which had been spoken by the mouths of the holy prophets. The people he taught to be

members of the church gathered together to worship the Lord.

Little by little the church grew, until it numbered 450 members. By that time the king had learned what Alma

was doing. This displeased him greatly. He said that Alma was stirring up the people in rebellion against him. Like all tyrants, he was a coward, therefore he sent his soldiers to destroy Alma and the people of the Lord. But being warned by the Lord of the coming of the king's army, and not wishing to fight, they took their families, their flocks, their grain, and their tents, and departed. They traveled eight days in the wilderness, and the Lord strengthened them so that the soldiers of King Noah did not overtake them.

At the end of eight days they came to a very pleasant land, and there they settled and called it the land of Helam.

As is generally the case with wicked nations, the people of Noah were not united. They grew tired of the exactions of the king and rebelled against him. One officer named Gideon drew his sword, and swore in his anger he would slay Noah. The king fought with him for a while and then fled to the top of the tower which was near the temple. Looking around he saw an army of the Lamanites drawing near. At this he cried out to Gideon to spare his life, for the Lamanites were upon them. Not that he cared so much about his people; he thought more of his own life. So Gideon spared him and they came down from the tower.

The cowardly king then commanded his men to flee before the Lamanites and leave their families behind to take care of themselves. Some obeyed him, others refused to leave their wives and children to the mercies of the savage Lamanites. Those who remained caused their daughters to stand forth and plead for their lives and the lives of their fathers. The Lamanites were so charmed with the beauty of these fair young Nephites that they spared the lives of

all the people but compelled them from that time to pay a tribute of one-half of all they possessed, and one-half of all their increase from year to year.

It appears that some of those who went with King Noah grew ashamed of their cowardice and made up their minds to return and die with their families. The king ordered them not to return. At this they grew very angry, so much so that they seized him and burned him to death. Thus was one of Abinadi's prophecies fulfilled. The people would have taken the priests and burned them also, but they fled further into the wilderness.

Noah's followers now started to return home. On the way they met some men whom Gideon had sent to tell them that the Lamanites had spared the lives of the people but had brought them into bondage. Bad as this news was, they greatly rejoiced that the lives of their loved ones were spared, and they returned to Lehi-Nephi to endure, as best they could, the evils their sins and follies had brought upon them. The Lord in His anger had turned His face from them and they were left to themselves and to the miseries which the prophet had foretold should surely come.

Noah being dead, his son Limhi was chosen king. He made a covenant with the king of the Lamanites to pay one-half of everything they owned as tribute. He then did his utmost to establish peace and order in the land. But the Lamanites set guards round about so that none of the people of Limhi could get away. As slaves they were too valuable to be permitted to escape.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED IN THIS STORY.

That Alma went privately among the people and taught them the words of

Abinadi. That many believed these teachings. That he gathered the believers at an out-of-the-way spot near the city where there was a fountain of pure water. That this place was called Mormon. That in this water he baptized those who believed. That he next organized a church which was called the Church of God, or the Church of Christ. That he ordained priests to teach the members of the church.

That King Noah hearing what Alma was doing sent his soldiery to destroy the people of the church. That the Lord warned Alma, and he and his companions left Mormon and traveled eight days in the wilderness to a pleasant land which they named Helam. That the people under King Noah grew weary of his oppressions and rebelled. That an officer named Gideon tried to kill the king. That at that hour the Lamanites came upon them, and Noah plead with Gideon to spare him, which he did. That Noah commanded his men to leave their families and retreat from the Lamanites into the wilderness. That some obeyed and some refused. That those who remained made a treaty with the Lamanites. That some of those who went with Noah grew ashamed of themselves and wanted to return. That Noah refused to permit them to return. At this they grew angry took the king and burned him to death. That Noah's priests fled further into the wilderness or the enraged soldiers would have burned them also. That Limhi, the son of Noah, was made king in the place of his father.

THERE is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

TO-DAY's work well done will make tomorrow's easier.

THE GOSPEL IN ANCIENT BRITAIN.

Servants of God In Ancient Britain—Who Were They?—The Earliest Inhabitants—The Kymry—Brutus—The Phoenicians, Israelites and Others—Israel on the Isles of the Sea.

CHAPTER I.

THE late President Heber C. Kimball writes in the journal which he kept of his missionary labors in England:

"In the interval I went and visited the branches in the regions of Clithero and Chatburn*, and on the morning when I left Chatburn many were in tears, thinking they should see my face no more. When I left them my feelings were such as I cannot describe. As I walked down the street I was followed by numbers; the doors were crowded by the inmates of the houses to bid me farewell, who could only give vent to their grief in sobs and broken accents. While contemplating this scene we were constrained to take off our hats, for we felt as if the place was holy ground. The Spirit of the Lord rested down upon us, and I was constrained to bless the whole region of country."

After his return to America Brother Heber related this pleasing incident to the Prophet, who, in reply, told him that the reason he felt as he did in the streets of Chatburn was because the place was indeed "holy ground," that some of the ancient prophets had traveled in that region and dedicated the land, and that he, Heber, had reaped the benefit of their blessing.

We here have the statement on the highest of all authority that in ancient times servants of the Most High God ministered in Britain, and from the fact that some of them journeyed as far

*Clitheroe and Chatburn—Villages in Lancashire, England.

north and west as the region we now call Lancashire, it is evident that their labors must have covered a large portion of England, for the probabilities are all in favor of their having landed either in the southern or eastern coasts of the island. If they came before the days of the Savior it is probable that they were brought by some Phoenecian* ships that were trading with the natives for tin and other metals; if they came later they probably traveled by way of Gaul (modern France) and landed in Kent or some of the neighboring south-eastern counties, as that was the road by which most travelers of that age reached Britain.

Who some of these ancient servants of God were it is not our purpose to inquire.

Most English historians commence the history of their native land in the middle and only give the world the latter half. They begin at the invasion of the island by Julius Cæsar,† when

* Phoenicia or Phenicia—The strip of land on the coast of Southern Syria between Mount Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea. It was about 200 miles in length and its width did not exceed thirty-five at the widest part. But the rivers which irrigated it, and the energy and enterprise of its people made this narrow tract of land one of the most varied in its products, and gave it a place in ancient history out of proportion to its size. Its inhabitants called themselves Canaanites and their country Canaan, and they are generally understood to have descended from Ham. Their language was nearly allied to the Hebrew. They were idolaters, and worshipped as principal gods Baal and Astarte, besides the seven planets under the name of Cabiri. Phoenicia never formed a single state under one head but was rather a confederacy of cities. The Phoenicians were the merchants and manufacturers of antiquity; they were also the most skillful ship-builders and boldest navigators. They established colonies all along the Mediterranean and beyond Gibraltar as far as England. They even ventured to circumnavigate Africa.

† Cæsar, Caius Julius.—Born July 12th 100 B. C. Assassinated at Rome March 15th, 44 B. C. A famous Roman general, statesman, orator and writer. The "Commentaries" (or Memoirs) of Cæsar, the only one

their opening chapter should be at the tower of Babel; or about 2247 years before Christ instead of only 55. This misleading method of writing history is caused by the fact that these authors base their writings on Saxon and Roman Catholic authorities, who from racial or religious prejudices ignored or belittled all who went before. According to their statements those who preceded them were barbarians and heathens. Modern writers, their descendants, have accepted these prejudiced statements and written their histories from that standpoint, while the hosts of imitators who do not go to the trouble of original investigation have followed in their wake. Thus the error has been perpetuated. Recent investigation has, however, demonstrated that much that was considered pure myth in the writings of the ancient chroniclers with regard to what is popularly termed pre-historic Britain, has a large amount of truth interwoven with the romance, and that Britain was a nation for nearly two thousand years before Cæsar's legions landed on her shores.

Scientific research has proven that Britain was inhabited at a very early period of the world's history. As an example Wm. C. Borlase, Esq., one of a family of well known antiquarians, speaking of the tumulus or mound on Chapel Carn Brea Hill, in the parish of St. Just, Cornwall, which was explored through his efforts, says:

"The section of the mound was to the antiquary what a railway cutting through aqueous strata is to the geolo-

gist. His literary works extant, contain the history of the first seven years of the Gallic war, in seven books, and three books of a history of the civil war. The name Cæsar was assumed by all the Julian dynasty, and after them by the successive emperors, as inseparable from imperial dignity.

gist, or what a duly attested pedigree is to the historian. Each 'age' was here represented—the 'Stone Age,' with its 'giant's grave' and slender, hard-packed envelope of stone and clay; the 'Bronze Age,' with its cist of dolmen* covered with its cairn of loose stones; the 'Iron Age,' working up into the period of Roman provincial civilization; and, surmounting all, in due order, the vestiges, evidenced in the Christian sanctuary, of that epoch to which the writer gave years ago the name of the 'Age of the Saints'†

These finds though proving great antiquity do not give us any exact dates, for we do not know how soon or how long after the Deluge the men buried in these cairns‡ walked as living beings upon the earth. All we can tell is that the earlier races, whom the learned claim belonged to the stone, bronze and iron ages, inhabited Britain many, many centuries before the Christian era. Tradition says that the first inhabitants of Britain reached there soon after the confusion of tongues at Babel. The name by which they are known supports this tradition. They are called the Kymry. As, in later ages, the dispersed of Israel were known as the Khurim (which is only the same word in another form), it is not inconsistent to believe that the dispersed from Babel also bore this name.

Neither is this tradition inconsistent with written history. Josephus, speaking of what took place immediately after the confusion of tongues, says:§

"After this they were dispersed

* Dolmen—A stone sepulchre, generally formed of unhewn stones set on end or edge so as to form a small chamber.

† "The Age of the Saints."

‡ Cairn—A mount of stones, they often contained sepulchral chambers.

§ "Antiquities of the Jews, Book I, Chap. 5.

abroad, on account of their languages, and went out by colonies everywhere: and each colony took possession of that land which they lighted upon, and into which God led them; so that the whole continent was filled with them, both the inland and maritime countries. There were some also who passed over the sea in ships, and inhabited the islands; and some of those nations do still retain the denominations which were given them by their first founders."

Those who favor the idea that the Kymry came from Babel direct to the British Isles argue that from their situation no islands were more likely than they to have received inhabitants who "passed over the sea in ships" from the western coast of Asia. To believers in the Book of Mormon there is nothing extraordinary in this idea, seeing that God at this same time led Jared and his colony half round the world, to a land of promise, a great portion of which journey was performed in ships in crossing the Pacific Ocean. However, the tradition runs that the most of the Kymry traveled by land; they crossed the European continent by various routes and landed at different times on British soil.

In the days that Eli was high priest of Israel a large colony of another people made Britain their home and apparently became the dominant race. Their leader was Brutus, of Troy. For many hundred years the colonization of Britain by Brutus was never doubted; then it became popular to regard it as a fable, and the very existence of Brutus was "pooh-poohed." Yet there is strong testimony in favor of the assertion that British law as it exists today has its origin largely in the code which Brutus established. Lord Chief Justice Coke*

* Coke, Sir Edward. Born at Mileham, Norfolk, England, Feb. 1, 1552, died at Stoke Pogis, Sept. 3,

affirms * * * "The original laws of this land (England) were composed of such elements as Brutus first selected from the ancient Greek and Trojan Institutions."† Lord Chancellor Fortesque‡ in his work on the laws of England, says: "So the Kingdom of Britain had its original from Brutus and the Trojans who attended him from Italy and Greece, and were a mixed government compounded of the regal and democratic."§ Then as the centuries rolled by other immigrants arrived from the neighboring coasts; they came from Spain and France, from Germany, Denmark, and Scandinavia; all the western shores of the continent contributed to increase the population of Britain. The Phoenicians who also traded for tin, iron, copper, lead, horses, etc., and who established colonies in the extreme southwest of the island, added to the general increase.

1634. A noted English jurist. He was speaker of the House of Commons 1592-3, attorney general 1593-94, Chief Justice of Common Pleas 1606, and Chief Justice of the King's Bench 1613. His chief works are 'Reports' (1600-15) and his "Institutes," which consisted of a reprint and translation of Littleton's "Tenures" with a commentary [popularly known as "Coke upon Littleton"]; the text of various statutes from Magna Charta to the time of James I. with a commentary; a treatise on criminal law; and a treatise on the jurisdiction of the different law-courts.

† Fortesque, Sir John. Died about 1476. An English jurist. He was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1442. As a Lancastrian he followed Queen Margaret to Flanders in 1463; returned to England in 1471; was captured at the battle of Tewkesbury, and accepted a pardon from Edward IV. His most notable works are "De Laudibus Legum Angliæ," first printed in 1537, and "On the Governance of the Kingdom of England" [also entitled "The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy" and "De Dominio Regali et Politico"] first printed in 1714.

‡ Preface to Vol. 3 of Reports.

§ I believe I feel a personal interest in the question of Brutus, as my father was born within a stone's throw of the spot at Totnes, Devonshire, where Brutus is said to have landed. See John Milton's History of England.

With them doubtless came many Israelites, either associates in their ventures or captives taken in war, for we gather from the Scriptures that the people of Tyre and her sister cities were in the habit of enslaving the captured Israelites and carrying them captive to distant lands. Nor were these the only members of the house of Israel that spread so far abroad. We have the testimony of the Bible and Book of Mormon that the Lord led away many of his chosen people to the isles of the sea; while others migrated afar off of their own volition. Some writers contend that in the original language the expression isles of the sea, so often found in the Bible, contains within it a reference to the west, and that the British Isles, more than any others, were the ones referred to by the sacred writers. Of this we are not prepared to express an opinion, but one thing is certain that at some time, how soon we know not, an admixture of Israelitish blood was infused into the population of Britain, and as that admixture is found, through modern prophets and patriarchs, to be large in many of those parts where the modern descendants of the ancient Kymry* are most numerous, we are justified in believing that that admixture commenced very early in the history of Britain. Indeed one tradition states that a prince of Issachar named

* From the fact that those parts of Britain where the descendants of the original Kymry are most numerous do not yield an equal percentage of Latter-day Saints, we are inclined to the opinion that the tradition that the original Kymry were of Japhetic origin may be true and that the Israelitish ancestry of the saints gathered from those parts has another and probably later origin. The difference, above referred to, is shown in the large number of converts made in some districts in Wales and the comparatively small proportion made in Devonshire and Cornwall, relative populations being considered.

Angul, a brother of Tola,[†] who judged Israel about B. C. 1225, invaded England, and was assisted by his brother in so doing.

Before B. C. 600, when Lehi left Jerusalem the dispersion had become quite general. Nephi, his son, says:

"And behold there are many who are already lost from the knowledge of those who are at Jerusalem. Yea, the

one; for it is not generally understood that at that early date the greater portion of all the tribes had been led away by the Lord and scattered to and fro on the isles of the sea, and had thus become lost to the knowledge of their brethren in Jerusalem. Other statements are made in Nephi's writings regarding the scattering of Israel upon the islands of the sea. For instance:



A BRITISH CROMLECH.

FOR DESCRIPTION SEE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR VOL. 32, PAGE 172.

more part of all the tribes have been led away: and they are scattered to and fro upon the isles of the sea; and whither they are, none of us knoweth, save that we know that they have been led away" (1. Nephi xxii: 4.)

This statement is a very remarkable

[†] Tola. Judge of Israel after Abimelech [Judg. x. 1, 2.] He is described as "the son of Puah, the son of Dodo, a man of Issachar." Tola judged Israel for 23 years at Shamir in Mount Ephraim, where he died and was buried.

"And it shall come to pass that they shall be gathered in from their long dispersion, from the isles of the sea, and from the four parts of the earth; and the nations of the Gentiles shall be great in the eyes of me, saith God, in carrying them forth to the lands of their inheritance.

* * * * *

"But great are the promises of the Lord unto they who are upon the isles

of the sea; wherefore as it says isles, there must needs be more than this, and they are inhabited also by our brethren." (II. Nephi x: 8, 21.)

"Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I, the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth?" (II. Nephi xxix: 7.)

Passages in Isaiah* and Jeremiah also refer to the same theme; one only will we quote:

"Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off, and say, He that scattered Israel will gather him, and keep him, as a shepherd doth his flock." (Jeremiah xxxi: 10).†

It is impossible to say from exact testimony if any of the Old Testament worthies visited Britain, though there is a very widespread idea amongst the believers in the "Anglo-Israel" theory that Jeremiah did so, he being with a company of the children of Judah who fled from the Holy City at the time her people were carried captive into Babylon. In this company, it is asserted, was a daughter of King Zedekiah, who afterwards married an Irish prince.

George Reynolds.

* Isaiah 24: 15; 66: 19.

† Some brethren have the idea that it is probable that an admixture of Jaredite blood is to be found amongst the ancient Britons. The theory is that some Jaredite ships may have been, by storms, driven to the coasts of Britain, as some of Hagoth's vessels are supposed to have been driven to the Sandwich Islands. If this be true they see in it the mercy of the Lord in preserving a remnant of the Jaredite race, which without this Providence would have utterly perished from the earth when Coriantumr died and Ether was translated.

SWEET CONTENT.

"WHAT makes you always so cheerful and contented, aunt?" asked a young woman of a dear old lady who had passed through the sunshine and shade of nearly ninety years. "You never seem to mind what comes to you; you take it all as if it were just the thing you wanted, whether it pleases you or not.

The old lady smiled, pleased at the genial compliment, and then she said: "I never let myself get so used to anything that I cannot do without it. I made up my mind years ago that I would not get 'set in my ways.' People who are set in their ways have a hard time. You know, we can't always be just where we prefer; we can't always have the things we like best, nor do the things that are easiest.

"Now," she said, smiling, "if I find I always want the same chair and don't like anyone else to occupy it, I make myself get up and sit somewhere else, because I think it is better for me to be contented in one place just the same as in another."

"You dear old philosopher," said the other. "I wonder, if I should begin right away, if there is time yet left for me to grow into such sweet content before I die!"

Since we are not all such Christian philosophers as this woman, who had not lived her more than four score years for naught, the Lord our Teacher uses in our training those methods which we are not wise enough to use for ourselves. By frequent changes in our lot He accustoms us to be content with such things as we have. He teaches us that the "life is more than meat," and that true life does not consist in outward circumstances.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE O. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, APR. 15, 1898.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

MULEK AND HIS PEOPLE.

A READER of the INSTRUCTOR writes:

"Permit me to call your attention to page 123 of the JUVENILE, where there appears to be a disagreement between the writer and the text in the Book of Mormon. 'With this people there was a little boy named Mulek. He was the son of the last king of Judea. The Bible says that all the sons of Zedekiah were killed by the King of Babylon, so we suppose that this little fellow was not born when his brothers were put to death.'

"Some centuries later they wandered southward and built a city on the banks of the Sidon.'

"In the Book of Mormon pages 452-3, we read, 'Will you say that the sons of Zedekiah were not slain all except it were Mulek. Yea, and do you not behold that the seed of Zedekiah are with us, and they were driven out of the land of Jerusalem?' Also Book of Mormon, 445, verse 10: 'For the Lord did bring Mulek, etc.' Also Book of Mormon, page 156: 'Behold it came to pass that Mosiah discovered that the people of Zarahemla came out from Jerusalem at the time that Zedekiah, king of Judah, was carried away captive into Babylon. And they journeyed in the wilderness and were brought by the hand of the Lord across the great waters into the land where Mosiah discovered them, and they had dwelt there from that time forth.'

"We find nothing in the text to

imply that Mulek was not born or even that he was not a man before his brethren or brothers were slain. Also we find nothing in the Book of Mormon to support the theory that 'Some centuries later they wandered southward,' etc. Is not the writer misleading on this point?"

To the foregoing the writer of the article in the JUVENILE replies:

From history---the Bible, Josephus, and elsewhere---we learn the following facts regarding Zedekiah, the last king of Judah. Zedekiah was but twenty-one years old when he became king of Judah.

In the ninth year of his reign the Babylonians commenced the siege of Jerusalem.

This siege lasted sixteen months. On the ninth day of the fourth month of the year (our July) the Babylonians entered the city. The remnants of Zedekiah's army quitted the city in the dead of the night; and as the Chaldean army entered the city at one end, the king and his wives fled from it by the opposite gate. They took the road towards Jordan.

On the way they were met and recognized by some of the Jews who had formerly deserted to the Chaldeans. By them the intelligence was communicated, and, as soon as the dawn of day permitted, swift pursuit was made. The king's party were overtaken near Jericho, and carried to Nebuchadnezzar, who was then at Riblah, at the upper end of the valley of Lebanon. Nebuchadnezzar, with a refinement of cruelty characteristic of those times, ordered the sons of Zedekiah to be killed before him, and lastly his own eyes to be thrust out. He was then loaded with brazen fetters, and at a later period taken into Babylon, where he died.

From this it appears that Zedekiah at the time his sons were slain was at most only thirty-one years old, therefore his son Mulek, if born, *could not have been a man*. It is scarcely supposable that the monarch had any children of more than thirteen years old. If Mulek was alive at that time, and he was the eldest child, he would not have been older, and if he was the oldest son, being heir to the throne, it is highly improbable that his father would have left him behind when he took all the other sons in his flight from Jerusalem, or that the sacred historians would have omitted to state that the sons of Zedekiah were slain with the exception of the eldest son. Now, neither the writer of the second book of Kings, nor the writer of the second book of Chronicles, nor the writer of the book of Jeremiah makes any exception. They all state that the sons of Zedekiah were slain in his presence, as does Josephus. There are, therefore, four different writers who record their fate. Is it not quite a supposable case that Zedekiah, being a polygamist, and still a young man, would have children born to him after the others were slain? Much more reasonable than to suppose that Josephus and all the writers in the Bible were ignorant of the fact that Mulek was not slain with his brothers.

Then at most Mulek was but a boy when the company left Jerusalem; but I readily admit that it is probable that, like the colonies led by Jared and Lehi, they were many years on the road, and consequently it is not inconsistent to believe that Mulek grew to be a man, and was selected as their leader, before they reached America.

I believe also from the name he bears we are justified in believing that when Mulek reached maturity he became the

ruler of the people. Mulek being, in my opinion, another form of the Hebrew words malak and melek, both of which signify king, and are so translated in the Old Testament.

Regarding the second item, it is positively stated in the Book of Mormon that Mulek's colony landed in North America, and consequently the Nephites called the northern continent the land of Mulek. The passage runs:

"Now the land south was called Lehi, and the land north was called Mulek, which was after the sons of Zedekiah; for the Lord did bring Mulek into the land north, and Lehi into the land south."

It is also plain that when the people of Mosiah found them about four centuries later they were in South America. That they had arrived there but a short time is to me evident from the fact that the city they had built was called after the name of their then living king—Zarahemla. That Zarahemla was still alive is shown in Omni, verse 14, where it is stated: "There was great rejoicing among the people of Zarahemla, and also *Zarahemla did rejoice exceedingly*."

To further confirm the above statements we quote from the writings of Alma (Alma 22: 30, 31.) "And it (Bountiful) bordered upon the land which they called Desolation; it being so far northward that it came into the land which had been peopled, and been destroyed, of whose bones we have spoken, which was discovered by the people of Zarahemla, it being the place of their first landing. And they came from there up into the south wilderness."

Here we have the direct statement that the people of Mulek first landed in the land Desolation, which was north of the Isthmus, and from there they went

into the south wilderness; or the wilderness of the southern continent. The reason why the word *up* is here used is because they had to travel up the banks of the Sidon to reach the place where they built the city of Zarahemla.

ARE SUNDAY SCHOOLS DECAVING?

THE editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mr. Edwin W. Bok, has written an article, under the heading "Is the Sunday School Decaying?" in which he expresses himself to the effect that the Sunday School is decaying. He says that he has been a Sunday School superintendent himself, and his conclusions are the result of long observation and close study of the subject. His opening statement is as follows:

"Even the most zealous advocates of the Sunday School concede the fact that its strength is on the wane. Attendance is on the decrease, and those who do attend are lukewarm in their interest. It is a common experience with parents nowadays to have their boys and girls beg off from going. A careful study of over two hundred Sunday Schools reveals this condition in nearly every case, and inquiry among parents and Sunday School workers only serves to corroborate the self-evident facts."

He calls the Sunday School of today a stupid, dull, and almost lifeless institution. It is years behind the progressive spirit of the outer world. It does not create live interest. He dwells particularly upon the superintendency of Sunday Schools being a source of weakness and decay. Superintendents lack in personality and magnetism. He says he knows of not less than twelve different men who are acting as superintendents of Sunday Schools, none of whom "has even the suggestion of force,

not a spark of personal magnetism, not a personal possession which goes to draw children to him or the school over which he presides." In Mr. Bok's opinion, the first and most essential features of a successful Sunday School is a strong and winning personality in the superintendent. For Sunday School teachers he favors women rather than men, chiefly because they understand child nature better than men do; they are more tender, sympathetic, and generally more spiritual. The Sunday School is an institution that can wield a great influence among the children of the Latter-day Saints. It is an agency of power, and one that should be used to the best advantage. When we look back and see the work that has been done in these mountains by the Sunday Schools, we have great cause to be thankful for their organization. They were not organized any too soon. It had been announced in influential circles in the East that if missionary work were to be successful among the Latter-day Saints, it would be by converting the children, or, in other words, inducing the children to believe the teachings of those who were opposed to the religion of their parents. It was admitted that it was no use to expect any important results from labor among the adults. Attempts were therefore made to found schools in the leading settlements, and to induce the children of the Latter-day Saints to attend them.

Before this scheme was put in operation to any extent, the Deseret Sunday School Union was formed, and systematic work was done in organizing Sunday Schools in all the settlements. The results are before us. Thousands of children have been trained in the principles of our religion. Very many have grown to manhood and gone forth as

ministers of the Gospel to the various nations where they have been sent, and a great work has been done.

Whatever may be the condition of the Sunday Schools in other parts of the United States or in Christendom, it should be said of us that the Sunday School is not decaying, nor losing its power for good, but is improving, enlarging its influence and its sphere, and filling the place for which it is designed.

The very best men in the community, those most capable, should be selected for the work of the Sunday School. It is this class of men that should take interest in this labor; and no man, however high his position, should think it beneath him to instruct the children in the principles of righteousness. We saw it stated lately in a newspaper that some of the best men in America and in the highest walks of life, including the Supreme Court of the United States, are engaged in the Sunday School work. Men of such ability and experience ought to be able to make the Sunday Schools very interesting. If these men consider it a duty to labor in the Sunday School cause, certainly no man in our Church, knowing the importance of correct teaching for the children and the divinity of the principles which are taught, should have any hesitation, if he can spare the time, to devote himself to this labor; so that if the question should be asked, now or in the future, Is the Sunday School among the Latter-day Saints in the mountain States and Territories decaying? there should be a strong and hearty denial of that being the case, and the testimony be borne that they are constantly improving.

THE ancestor of every action is a thought.

COUSIN JACK IN LONDON.

Concerning the Penny Post.

Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.

TAKING everything into consideration, despite the novelty of our surroundings and our daily sightseeing, I must confess I am getting just a little bit homesick. And I actually believe that papa and mamma have a longing deep down in their hearts for the sight of the good old mountains once more, and to inhale a life-giving draught of dear old Utah's air. For we have begun to break out half a dozen times a day with "I wonder what the folks at home are doing now," or some such expression. It was with feelings of genuine delight that on Thursday morning we hailed the advent of the American mail—half a dozen letters for papa, a couple for mamma, and one for me from one of my schoolmates who had promised to write and let me know how things were progressing at school and elsewhere; but Frank's letter was mostly full of regrets that he was not over here "taking in the town," as he called it, along with me.

"Is it not wonderful," remarked mamma, "how these letters come 7,000 miles regularly and are safely delivered into our hands."

"Yes we owe a lot to Mr. Roland Hill of England, for the cheapness and perfection to which the mail system has been brought," ventured papa, "fifty-eight years ago such a thing would have been impossible, postage stamps were then not in vogue, and the party to whom the letter was addressed had to pay nearly fifteen times as much for his letter when he received it, and even then was not always sure of receiving a letter safely. America leads the world in a great many things, but England

emphatically takes the precedence when it comes to the postal service. She is as we have often remarked, a most conservative country, slow to adopt modern improvements and inventions, and quick to ridicule the same; ever since the beginning of the Republic of the United States we have been the butt of British sneers and undeserved derision. Our most famous battleship 'Old Ironsides' they hooted at as a 'bunch of pine with a striped rag over it.' How they used to yell at our steamships, our sailing vessels, yachts, sleeping cars, Harveyised steel, and many other things that they since have, or are beginning to adopt! Today in the leading English newspaper and magazine press-rooms and binderies, shoe factories, and many other branches of manufacturing machinery, the American article is almost entirely superceding the British. But we must not fall into the habit which the Britisher is ever fond of accusing us, viz., bragging. Let us give credit where credit is due. In postal affairs America can well take a lesson from England. With all our push and hustle, we yet have to see the day when America will introduce the parcel post, and when your newspaper wrapper becomes torn and detached, and the enclosure virtually lost for the time being you will receive the tattered addressed remains of the wrapper, so you can describe its late but now truant contents and two mails later in seventy-five per cent of the cases receive your missing papers. Everything that is not properly addressed, or, as in a number of cases, has no address whatever is carefully preserved for a certain period, everything even down to catalogues and other apparently useless articles that are sent us through the mails to harass our existence."

"So Roland Hill was the inventor of

this intricate system that runs so smoothly daily without a hitch. How did it happen?" I queried between munches of hot buttered toast.

"Like most great reforms and innovations for the public good and welfare, it started from an apparently trivial incident. Roland Hill, you must know was the son of a schoolmaster. As a boy he showed extraordinary talent and aptitude for arithmetic and mathematics, so much so that when he grew up he became mathematical teacher in his father's school. One day he heard a gentleman laughingly tell a story about the case of a poor woman who refused to pay for a letter that had arrived by the mail-coach—for trains and railways were not in use in the world at that time. Mr. Coleridge, for that was the gentleman's name, hearing that the letter was from her brother, good-naturedly insisted on paying the fee, notwithstanding the woman's reluctance. When the postman had gone, she showed him that the letter was nothing more than a blank sheet. On asking for an explanation, she told Mr. Coleridge that her brother sent her a similar letter every two months, and by a certain mark that he placed upon the wrapper—envelopes were unknown sixty years ago—she could tell that her brother was all right in health and spirits, then refused to take and pay for the letter, and thus get her good news for nothing. Mr. Hill, grasping the absurdity of the situation set to work and in 1837 issued a pamphlet in which he showed up the fallacy of the then existing postal system, and advocated a general penny post for the British Isles on letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight. The pamphlet caused quite a stir. The matter was finally taken up in parliament and a bill presented with that aim

in view. How the country's solons did ridicule the idea! One member said amidst vociferous cheers, "A million of revenue is given up to the nonsensical penny post scheme, to please my old, excellent, and universally dissentient friend, Noah Warburton. I admire the Whig ministry, and I think they have done more good things than all the ministries since the Revolution, but these concessions are sad marks of weakness and fill all reasonable men with alarm."

"In 1837 there were 80,000 letters and 44,000 newspapers delivered in the United Kingdom. In 1896 the returns show that the deliveries amounted to the enormous total of 301,533,196, which produced, after all expenses were paid, £3,632,122 net profit to the British government. When postage stamps were first used they presented somewhat of a problem, so the government caused to be issued a notice of reward or prize of several thousand pounds for the best idea to solve the difficulty. A certain gentleman wrote two words on a piece of paper and handed it in. They read as follows, "Perforate them." He obtained the coveted prize and promptly retired from business. You are fond of figures, Jack; here is something to think over. The value of property found in the returned letter offices in 1896 amounted to £580,000. What must have been the amount that passed safely through the post? I will have to get a permit from the American Embassy for you and your mother to go through the General Post-office in London, so that you can get some idea of the work that is done there. But be sure when you go, ask to see the scrap-book wherein are kept copies of all the humorously addressed letters that puzzle the handwriting experts. Here are a few I

jotted down in my pocket-book on the occasion of my visit there. You would never think that a letter addressed "Walstrets Selorshom Tebickaldlor" would be successfully delivered to Sailors' Home, Well Street, to be called for. That Byracky stood for Billericay, a small village in Essex; Jarrow-on-Tyne is spelt Jeripitme; Pambore near Bes and Stoke Ence, is intended for Pamber, near Basingstoke, Hants. Another addressed to her majesty the queen, Windsor Castle, further bore the legend, "Splease excuse not putton stamp as I am so pore." One must see the facsimiles of the original handwriting to fully grasp the trials and sorrows of the experts. One letter that was evidently sent from Naples to decide a bet, reached its destination—Messrs. Pears, the soap people—although in lieu of a full and correct address a couple of badly drawn species of the fruit in question and the word Londres, being all that there was to guide the much harassed postman.

"Postage stamps, with simply a name and address written on the back, have been delivered. One in particular, a facsimile of which adorns the post-office scrap-book, reads on the inverse side, "Meet me tonight, without fail. I am hard up. N. S. B." As the postage stamp was safely delivered, let us trust that on the night in question N. S. B. was temporarily relieved of his hard-upness, and hereafter faithfully kept his promise to mend his erring ways.

"It is particularly at Christmas that the post-office officials have a hard time of it, although there are a couple of thousand extra men put on to cope with the rush, they all invariably have to work overtime. So carelessly are some of the packages wrapped, that it is no uncommon thing for the sorters to shake

out jewelry and gold and silver coins from the bottom of the mail-sacks, all of which are religiously kept for identification.

"But it is at Mount Pleasant, the headquarters of the parcel post, near the London conference house, where the bustle at Christmas time is at its height; for in the space of a few days over one million parcels are sorted and sent out to their destinations to gladden the hearts of the addressees. It seems in the majority of cases that not only the hearts but the stomachs also are intended to be gladdened, for the majority of parcels seem to be composed of eatables, such as game, fruit, etc., so much so in fact that in one large room that is called the larder are stacked an extraordinary collection of Christmas gifts, which in consequence of incorrect addresses or insufficient labels have been left on the hands of the officials. The *Daily Mail* sums up the scene in the following: 'In one corner is a dried ox tongue that was destined for some hospital board, but did'nt get there because it reached London with no indication of its destination. Upon the table in the center are rabbits, plovers, geese, mutton chops, woodpeckers, and a pot of lovely cream that should have been eaten in St. John's Wood if the officials had but known where to find the addressee. Pounds of choice butter that have gone hopelessly astray upon life's rough way are piled up in the fixtures, and a parcel of plump partridges, all the way from Germany, was addressed to 'John Fran, in the Meat Markets.' The misfortune that awaits a man who quits his home without leaving his new address is pathetically exemplified by the label marked 'Gone away,' on a box containing a pork pie, a pound of tobacco, and a mince pie.

Another parcel is addressed to a person in a street that when spelled sounds like Kjmpfjhokjnpu. At present the parcel is beyond human aid; its destination is the furnace. In the U. A., or unaddressed class, the most interesting assignment comes from Southampton, and contains two pairs of stockings, two pair of socks, one pudding, some sausages, and two shillings and twopence farthing in coin. If no claim is made, the soft goods and the sausages will be ruthlessly parted, the former for auction and the latter for sale, with the rest of the perishables, at the meat-market." And so on for a column that includes articles from saucepans to powders. Perhaps the most curious thing to be seen is a large collection of small trinkets that nearly fills a large safe, being made up of studs, rings, brooches, coins, etc., that have gone astray from their packages. These articles are kept for two years, and if unclaimed are then sold. But the post-office museum is a most unique place; and truly the shade of Sir Roland Hill would rub his bewildered eyes if he could but gaze on the exhibits there on view of the peculiar things that have passed through his postal scheme and for various reasons could not be delivered to their addressees. Here are to be seen scorpions, snakes, tarantulas, and other cheerful things preserved in spirits. There is to be seen a Christmas pudding, there, too, that has been in pursuit of a sailor lad around the world, finally to repose on the shelf of the museum, hard-hearted and ownerless. Who knows but possibly its ultimate fate may consign it to enacting the useful but unpretentious role of a door-weight."

"Now then, papa, are you not beginning to draw the long bow somewhat?

and if you have finished your breakfast and paper, Jack and I are quite ready to go with you to Woolwich Arsenal," interrupted mamma; whereupon she disappeared upstairs to put on her hat and wrap.

G. E. Carpenter.

NAVAL BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The Great Fight Between the Virginia and Monitor that Revolutionized the Building of War Ships.

MARITIME life, adventure and accomplishment have ever been interesting themes for human thought and admiration.

From the earliest times the exploits of those who ploughed the mighty deep have been read and spoken of with intensest interest. This has applied in like manner—only differing in degree—to the savage who braved the raging waters in his crudely carved canoe; the navigation of Homer's hero, Ulysses, upon a raft; the onslaught of the war galleys of ancient Egypt and Phoenecia; the trireme of Athens; the strongly constructed crusiers of the Viking pirates; and the various kinds of craft that have been sent into the frozen regions of the Arctic ocean to search for the North Pole.

But the ships around which the most interest centers are those that are built for offensive and defensive work. There is something grand, terrible and awe-inspiring about them. Battles of the greatest importance are fought with them. Nations become powerful and victorious, or weak and unfortified by their use as fortune wills. Maps are changed and countries grow large or small according to their measure of success. In fact, the very fate of nations

depends upon them. That is the view that is just now receiving unusual consideration and attention in the United States. That is why the American Congress recently voted as one man for the appropriation of fifty million dollars for naval improvements.

The battle-ships of today are such terrible engines of destruction as to render the thought of conflict upon the seas most horrifying. And yet just as



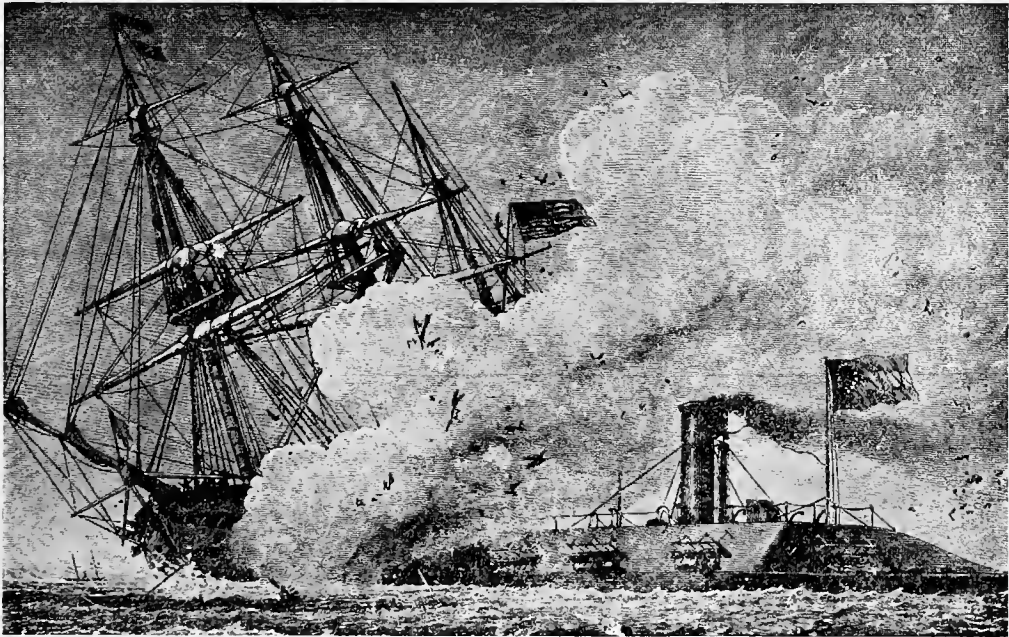
THE MONITOR PURITAN, A MODERN FIGHTING CRUISER.

long as there remains a trace of barbarism in the human breast, just as long as the social and political condition of the world continues as at present, just so long will the mind of man find employment in the creation of devices calculated to destroy life and property.

The fifty millions of money so liberally given by Congress for the national

defense is being devoted principally to the refitting and equipping of vessels already built. No new war ships are now under construction in this country. That is a work that is long and tedious. It requires three years to build and equip a modern war-ship and an expenditure of from three to five million dollars. From this it will be readily observed that modern navies "are not built in a day," and that it takes time

istic to a republican form of government to maintain great bodies of armed men at public expense, or at all. From a naval standpoint we occupy fifth rank among the nations of the world, England of course standing at the head. But the fighting qualities of American seamen have often been proved. Our navy as it now exists is a new one and consequently equipped with all the latest devices known to naval warfare



THE VIRGINIA SINKING THE CUMBERLAND.

for one nation to prepare to meet another upon the seas.

Our own navy as it exists at the present time comprises all kinds of vessels from the ten thousand ton battleship that can bombard and destroy a city to the little submarine marvel, the torpedo boat, that can instantly sink the mightiest war vessel afloat. While ours is a powerful nation, one of which we are justly proud, neither our navy or military force is large, it being antagon-

and can be relied upon to duplicate its brilliant record of the past. But it is not the purpose of this article to deal with the naval conditions of the present or future. Rather it is intended to call attention to engagements upon the water during that memorable and dark period in our nation's history known as the War of the Rebellion.

In this great civil strife the respective navies of the country—North and South—played an important part. They

were brought into requisition at the very beginning of the memorable contest, though they did not actually participate in the opening hostilities. The Federal fleet was the first to mobilize. Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor was in possession of the North. It was a strategic point, and both sides were anxious to possess it. The leaders of the North realized that there was great danger in being dislodged, and therefore under sealed orders dispatched a squadron of seven ships, manned by 2,400 men and equipped with 285 guns and a large mount of provisions, to reinforce the detachment which held the fort. Their instructions were to accomplish this result "peaceably if possible; otherwise by force."

This act was quickly accepted by the South as "a declaration of war against the Confederate States." General Beauregard, who was in charge of 6,000 Confederate troops, stationed near Charleston for the purpose of defending that city, made a demand upon Major Anderson, who was in command of the Federal troops guarding Fort Sumter, to surrender. Major Anderson quietly but firmly refused to do so, supplementing his refusal with the statement, "I will wait the first shot, and if you do not batter us to pieces we will be starved out in a few days."

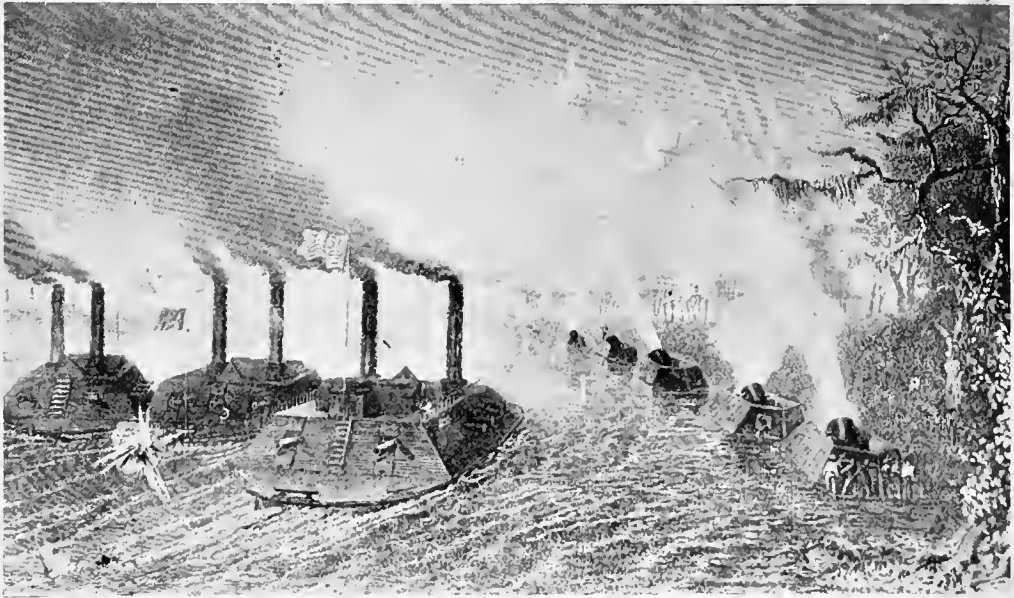
In the meantime the Federal fleet was approaching, and on the morning of April 12th, after having failed to induce Anderson and his men to yield up the fort, he opened fire upon it. The bombardment lasted for 32 hours, at the expiration of which time Anderson capitulated. Not a single life was forfeited, and not a drop of blood was shed, notwithstanding the fact that the firing was extraordinarily severe, being described by one eminent historian as "most

grand and terrific." When the Federal fleet drew near the bloodless battle had been fought and won.

Shortly after this President Lincoln issued a proclamation ordering a blockade of all the ports of the seceding states, which now commenced building a navy of their own, as the regular navy was in possession of the North at the beginning of the war. About this time, too, the North came dangerously near involving itself in conflict with Great Britain, by Captain Wilkes seizing the Confederate ambassadors Slidell and Mason while passengers of the British steam-packet *Trent*. After a time the complication was set at rest by the Federal Government disavowing responsibility for the action of Captain Wilkes, and restoring the Southern ambassadors to the deck of a British ship. By this time the Federal navy had been augmented to 18,000 men. The Confederate waterfighting forces were much weaker numerically but grew quickly to fairly respectable proportions. The great difficulty was in getting from inland on to the high seas. But by a series of clever moves several active vessels succeeded in running the blockades and reaching the ocean. One of these, the *Savannah* after running the blockade at Charleston on June 2, 1861, captured a sugar-laden merchantman en route to the United States from Cuba. Very soon after this the *Savannah* was compelled to lower her colors and surrender to the United States brig *Perry*. The officers of the captured schooner were taken to Philadelphia and put on trial for piracy. They were found guilty and narrowly escaped execution. The death penalty was averted by Jefferson Davis notifying President Lincoln by a special messenger carrying a flag of truce that should it be carried into

effect that a similar number of Federal prisoners in the custody of the Confederates would share a like fate. Subsequently the *Savannah's* officers and crew were exchanged for other prisoners of war. Other and more recently equipped Southern vessels were also successful in getting by blockades, and out upon the seas they went to prey upon the commerce of the United States. Before the close of the first year of the war they

of corresponding importance to the North. Other notable successes followed. On March 8th of the same year the *Virginia*, a formidable Confederate ironclad war-ship constructed at Norfolk, made a determined attack upon the Federal fleet at the mouth of James river. Commenting upon this engagement, McCabe, in his "History of the United States," says: "It formed one of the striking episodes of the war and



BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NO. TEN.

FEDERAL FLEET ATTACKING THE CONFEDERATE STRONGHOLD IN THE MISSISSIPPI IN THE MEMORABLE SIEGE THAT LASTED TWENTY-FOUR DAYS.

had captured several million dollars' worth of property and had practically destroyed the trade of the Union states with foreign countries. This created consternation throughout the North, and a considerable time elapsed before its effects were overcome.

The next year the Federal navy began to make its power felt, and through the efforts of an excellently managed flotilla captured Fort Henry, which was a very severe blow to the South and a victory

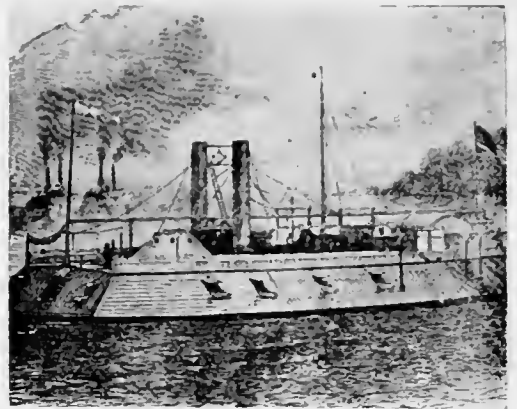
led to results of world-wide importance. Upon the evacuation of the Norfolk navy yard by the Federal forces, at the outset of the war, the splendid steam-frigate *Merrimac* was scuttled and sunk. This vessel was subsequently raised by the Confederates and used by them. Her upper deck was removed, and she was covered by a slanting roof. Both the roof and her sides were heavily plated with iron, and a long stout bow was fitted to her to enable her to act as

a ram. She was then armed with ten heavy guns, and named the *Virginia*. Thus prepared she was the most powerful vessel afloat."

The Confederate naval authorities were certain that they had a fighter in the *Virginia* and quickly decided to test her ability in this direction by sending her to attack the Federal fleet at Hampton Roads. As she hove in sight of the objects of her attack she was viewed with astonishment, and a tremendous fusilade was turned upon her from the fleet and shore batteries. But shot and shell injured her not, the missiles falling as harmlessly upon her as hailstones upon an asphalt pavement. Gradually she approached the *Cumberland*, the greatest of her class afloat, and with a single blow of her mighty prow sent her beneath the waters she had so proudly ridden prior to the appearance of the new sea monster. The *Congress* during the same combat was captured and destroyed by fire, and the *Minnesota* escaped only by getting out to sea. When night came on the *Virginia* had destroyed the two best battleships owned by the North, and had entailed a loss upon her of 250 officers and men.

This notable achievement of the new terror of the seas greatly discouraged the officials in command of the Hampton Roads fleet, and it was feared that the victorious ironclad might on the morrow attack Fortress Monroe or defiantly pass it by, steam up the Chesapeake and shell Washington and Baltimore. But a mighty surprise was in store for the *Virginia*. She was to unexpectedly meet a foe worthy her best and bravest efforts. During the darkness of the night the *Monitor*, an ironclad of a new order, which was destined to revolutionize the building of warships throughout the world, made her

appearance upon the scene of conflict. She was invented by and constructed under the personal supervision of John Ericsson, and was entering Hampton Roads on her trial trip from New York. Her commander was a gallant officer, Lieutenant Worden by name. He listened to a recital of the *Virginia's* telling work, but remained undaunted, and determined to give her battle. As she steamed out of the river in the morning, the *Monitor*, though much smaller and carrying but a single gun, went forth to engage her in conflict. It was the first



IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT OF THE CIVIL WAR.

fight in history between two ironclad battleships, and for several hours the contest was carried on with terrible fury. Finally the proud victor of the day before was compelled to retreat and return to Norfolk for repairs, being most effectually convinced that she was not invincible after all.

The appearance of the *Monitor* was most opportune and important. There is no doubt that it prevented the total destruction of the Federal fleet stationed at this point. It is equally certain that it prevented other ports from being reduced to ashes or falling into the hands of the Confederates.

Five days later, March 14th, Newberne, North Carolina, was lost to the South through the Federal fleet, and on April 7th next following, a siege was laid upon Island No. 10, the stronghold of the Confederates, in the Mississippi river. The bombardment was carried on by a large flotilla of Federal gunboats, and extended over a period of twenty-four days. At the expiration of that time the Confederates surrendered. On the 12th of April, Fort Pulaniski, near Savannah, Georgia, was captured by the Federal fleet, and later Forts Jackson and St. Phillip, near the mouth of the Mississippi, were adroitly passed by a fleet in command of Admiral Farragut. As a result these forts and New Orleans passed into the possession of the Federals. Then Fort Macon, in North Carolina yielded to the same power. A terrific but unsuccessful assault was made on the Confederate works at Drewy's Bluff, overlooking Richmond, on the James river.

A series of brilliant successes had come to the Union navy in a short space of time, but during the following summer and autumn the Confederates did a large amount of damage to Federal commerce. Conspicuous in this work were the *Florida* and *Alabama*, two warships secured from England.

This briefly is a record of the naval operations of the North and South during the first two years of the civil war. Many other important battles were fought during the succeeding two years before the end of the struggle came. Concerning them we will have something to say later.

Colonel Argus.

NIGHT brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THE LORD'S WORD CONCERNING WAR.

THE Lord has been very kind unto His people in these days in revealing unto them the course they should take under many different circumstances. He has given us instructions as to how we should live, the kind of food and the beverages we should use, and the articles we should refrain from using. He has given us counsel concerning the care of our bodies, and our sleep, and our deportment. He has cautioned us against loud laughter, and upon many points has given us counsel and instruction. He has also revealed unto us the law that He gave unto His ancient servants concerning war. He commanded them that they should not go out to battle against any nation, kindred, tongue, or people, save He, the Lord, commanded them. He has also told us what He said to them in the event of a nation, tongue or people proclaiming war against them. He has told us that they were required to first lift a standard of peace unto that people, nation, or tongue; and if they did not accept the offering of peace, neither the second nor the third time, they should bring these testimonies before the Lord. "Then," He says, "I, the Lord, will give unto them a commandment, and justify them in going out to battle against that nation, tongue or people. And I, the Lord, will fight their battles, and their children's battles, and their children's children's, until they do avenge themselves of all their enemies, to the third and fourth generation."

The Lord gives this as an ensample unto all people for justification before Him. He has commanded His Church that if an enemy comes upon the people the first time, and he should repent, and

should ask forgiveness, he should be forgiven, and it should no longer be held as a testimony against him. So on unto the second and third time. As often as he repented of his trespass, he should be forgiven, until seventy times seven. The Lord also commanded that if an enemy trespassed against His people, and he should not repent the first time, he should nevertheless be forgiven; and so the second time, and the third time; but if he should be guilty of trespass the fourth time, then he shall not be forgiven. His people, however, are required to bring these testimonies before the Lord, and they shall not be blotted out until the enemy repent and restores fourfold. Then, if he do this, the people should forgive him with all their heart; but if he do not do this, the Lord says He will avenge His people of their enemy a hundredfold.

There is much more revealed upon these points that ought to be a guide unto the Latter-day Saints in all their dealings with their enemies. The law of the Lord is a perfect law, and if it were observed it would lead to grand results. War would practically cease among the children of men.

The present excitement concerning the probability of war with Spain suggests these reflections. The air is full of the spirit of war. The newspapers contain column after column upon this most serious subject. War, viewed in any aspect, is dreadful to contemplate. It is something to be avoided, if it possibly can be. It brings misery and destruction upon any nation who engages in it, even though the nation be victorious in its battles. All nations ought to avoid war by every possible means consistent with honor and the preservation of liberty. At present the question of war

is trembling in the balance. A few hours may so shape events that war will be upon this nation. If we as a nation should refrain from declaring war, and avoid everything that would be likely to provoke it, it would be a most desirable thing. But the nation's anger is inflamed. The battleship *Maine* has been destroyed, and the suspicion prevails that the Spaniards are the authors of this catastrophe.

I am aware that in quoting these teachings from the revelations which the Lord has given, they come directly in contact with all the views of what are called civilized nations. But let them be examined carefully, and see how beautiful a plan it is which the Lord has revealed, and how productive of peace it would be if His teachings were adopted. The amount of human suffering that would be saved cannot be reckoned; and until this method of settling international quarrels is adopted, mankind will always be exposed to all the horrors of war.

The warfare of years which has been waged in Cuba, entailing such terrible loss upon that island and its unfortunate inhabitants, has aroused the sympathy of the people of the United States. The accounts which have come from there, as related by visitors who have seen the terrible sufferings among that unhappy people, have appealed so strongly to the sympathies of our nation that they appear determined to put an end to them by demanding for Cuba the right of self-government and the withdrawal of the troops from that island. This action on the part of our nation is likely to be resented by Spain. Spain considers Cuba her property. She will not consent for America to interfere with her

in her treatment of the people of Cuba. It becomes, therefore, a serious question how far the United States can be permitted to go in its determination to relieve the sufferings of the Cubans and to stop the dreadful destruction of human life that is taking place there. The United States, on behalf of humanity, being so close to Cuba, and having so many interests there, feels that it is justified in interfering. This is likely to be viewed by Spain as a cause for a declaration of war.

Should Spain make a declaration of war, then, if the law of the Lord were observed, the United States of America could lift a standard of peace unto Spain, and declare its desire for peace, stating its position in relation to the questions involved, so that every nation in Europe might see the fairness of her proposals and the correctness of her attitude. If the first effort of this kind failed then the offering of peace could be made the second and the third time; and if these were rejected the testimonies should be brought before the Lord. He would then, according to His word, justify our country in going to battle against Spain and the promise is that the Lord would fight our country's battles until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies.

The eagerness which some people display for war does not proceed from a right spirit or feeling. Certainly no man professing to be a Latter-day Saint can be justified in indulging in a desire for war and its consequent horrors, because the law of the Lord has been revealed and he ought to be familiar with it, and know that the Lord does not sanction the bloodthirsty spirit which incites men to go to war. There is probably as little provocation for our nation to engage in war at the present

time as can usually be found when difficulties arise between nations. President McKinley appears to be of this opinion, and, much to his credit, has been endeavoring to prevent the outbreak of war.

The nations of Europe seem to be aware of the peril there is, if war should break out, of many nations becoming involved in it. It is a very significant fact that almost every one of the nations of Europe is preparing itself, so that if war should break out it may not be caught unprotected. Not because of the condition of affairs between the United States and Spain so much as the difficulties which may arise over attempts against China. The feeling appears to be quite general that if war breaks out its spirit will seize other nations beside those immediately concerned, and the rulers are uneasy at the prospect, and doubtless are anxious to avert it or have it postponed as long as possible.

There should be no eagerness on the part of the Latter-day Saints to favor war, or to be anxious to volunteer to go to war. We should be ready always to defend our country and to show patriotic devotion to the government under which we live and to the flag, which is the emblem of the nation's independence; but beyond this it is not necessary that we should go.

The Editor.

AN error is the more dangerous in proportion to the degree of truth which it contains.

It is enough to do a good deal without telling of it.

How many things we think we can do till we try.

EVERY trial may teach a lesson.

HOW RUBBERS ARE MADE.

MONDAY, February 14, 1898, was a stormy day. The streets were muddy, the weather cold. It was such a day that little could be done tracting, and desirous of taking advantage of the golden opportunity to see great institutions, permission was given by Mr. James Deshler, Superintendent of the United States Rubber Co., Jersey Factory, to go through and see how rubber is worked from its crude state into shoes, boots, arctics, rubbers, etc. He assigned his son, George Deshler, to conduct us through the various departments, and the genial Henry Miller, who has charge of the compounding room, to explain the various processes.

The factory is composed of eight buildings. There were, when we visited it, 275 men and boys and 225 girls at work, turning out 8,000 pairs of rubbers per day. The factory can work 700 hands, and is capable of turning out 13,000 to 15,000 pairs per day, and from this immense factory some of the best rubber goods are sent throughout the world. The men and boys do the heavy work of the factory, while the girls do the fitting and making of the rubbers. The heavy boots and gloves are made by men.

Upon entering the office, one is ushered thence into the compounding room—the key to the whole process of manufacture. We see great piles of dark, murky-looking substance along the passage-ways. We were told, "This is rubber, pure rubber, in its native state." There are the African rubbers, by the name of Benguela and Thimbles, with their various grades, then the South American rubber, under the name of Para; also the Centrals (from Central America), with its various grades. The Para is the purest and

best rubber known, and is gathered in the following manner: The bark of the rubber tree is cut at the base, and vertical cuts made every few inches up the trunk, and small clay cups fastened below each incision and left over night, into which a milky juice is collected. It comes from the inner layer of the bark, from a network of minute tubes called laticiferous vessels, each tree yielding about two ounces each day during the dry season, for a brief period. It is not really called rubber, but caoutchouc. There is amonia in it, and the juice soon coagulates if not taken at once and prepared for shipping, by heating a prepared paddle about three feet long and inserting into a cup of this milk. This stick is turned over and over; thin layer after layer is wound around it and dried until about twenty-five to thirty pounds is formed on the stick. A sharp knife is used to cut the rubber loose from the stick, and the rubber—a ham like bundle—is ready for shipping. This is the Para or very pure rubber. Most of the other rubber juice is allowed to run out on bark or ground, and gathered up for shipment in bags of about fifty to seventy-five pounds each.

As the rubber comes into the compounding room, each piece in the shipment is numbered, and this lot number is preserved through the entire process. If found inferior, it can be easily traced to the parties shipping same. These balls or bags of rubber are now put into great vats of hot water, where they are soaked, softened, and much of the foreign substance is removed. They are then put into the great grooved rollers on which a stream of water constantly drips as the rubber is ground up, and it is thus washed clean and made ready for the next stage, that of

drying, by being hung on beams for several days in the drying room, where the temperature is maintained by steam heat. In fact, all the buildings and machinery are heated by steam pipes. As the rubber dries it becomes darker and tougher. From this drying-room each lot is taken into the mill-room and put between great heated rollers; is again ground until it becomes like dough and is very adhesive. It is ground or pressed into thin sheets, and when fully prepared is taken from the rollers by an expert. These all receive their lot number, are returned to the compounding-room, weighed and cut into pieces of about 8-10 pounds. The saw-like knife used has to be dipped in cold water every time an incision is made, to keep the rubber from adhering to it. This rubber is now very clean and pure, but in this state cannot be made into articles of wear. It has to be mixed and compounded with other substances. One of the compounds used generally for boots, shoes and rubbers, is as follows:

One of these pieces of pure rubber, above referred to is weighed and mixed with a compound of nearly equal parts of litharge, rosin, sulphur, whiting, tar, lamp-black, two-fifths pure rubber to three-fifths of the above.

All these are taken in separate buckets to the mill-room. The rubber is again ground in the refiner and heated. The whiting is poured over the rubber between the great rollers, then the tar, litharge, sulphur, rosin, etc., and these are ground, rolled and mixed. This is now considered the very best rubber for wearing materials, for the uppers of arctics, boots, shoes and rubbers, and is now put through a marking and impression machine, fitted with dies which mark the size, shape, and lot number on

each upper, and as this stamping is done the rubber is passed on great apron belts up into the third story or cutting-room and cut into lengths of 6-10 feet, between the marks, and these sheets are laid on tables or dryers, covered with whiting to prevent sticking, and each size of shoe or rubber needed is stamped in this manner, and laid on separate tables. It is interesting to see the expert cutters run their sharp-pointed knives over the marked rubber sheets, cutting out the various shapes, and laying them in piles ready for the makers and fitters on the floor above.

The waste, or pieces left from the uppers, is gathered, sent back to the compounding-room, and other compounds are mixed with it. As it goes through the mills again and ground over it assumes the name of Norag and "reclaimed rubber," used for soles, heels, etc. These parts are all marked, according to size needed, as the rubber is run through the stamping mills and goes through the same process of being cut up as do the uppers.

As we now go into the making-room, we see the hundreds of hands making and putting together the various sized rubbers. Every part is cut below, and these parts are piled together according to size and handed to each maker in suits, on all the parts necessary for the rubber to be made up.

Before each girl are racks on which are lasts of the sizes needed, and all the requisites necessary to put the various parts together. These parts are cemented on the edges that meet together. The last is now taken in hand, the inner sole placed on the last, held by the hand until the inner upper is made to conform to the last, the edges being pressed to the sole and forming the inner part of the rubber. Then the

large and small stiffenings of the heel are cemented on, the entire outside upper spread over the last, the ends meeting at the back are cut so as to form a close joint, and by pressing together the cement holds them firmly. A narrow piece is pressed on the inner sole and inner upper, binding the two together, and then the outside sole is pressed firmly, binding the cover firmly in. A little saw-toothed wheel is run up the back, pressing the ends inward, and also around the joint between the sole and upper, pushing inward all edges firmly and giving these parts the appearance of being sewed together. It takes an expert about ten minutes to put a pair of rubbers together. Each maker has a number which is marked on each pair put together, and if inferior work is detected, it is traced to its maker. They are now placed on racks in pairs and sent to the varnish-room, where they receive a coating of varnish to give them the bright appearance, and are then run on trucks into the great drying-room, where they remain under a high temperature for about twelve hours, and are then taken to the packing-room, where they are put into boxes, twelve pairs of large and twenty-four pairs of small rubbers.

Each box receives its name, sizes it contains, etc.

The best rubbers from this factory are marked "Meyers," the next grade "Jersey," and other grades follow. It always pays to get the best rubbers, and the thick rubbers are not always the best.

The odor from the compounds adheres to the clothing, and anyone passing on the streets can tell if another works in the rubber factory. For this reason it is not so easy to get girls to work, although they command a good salary for their work.

The past year has been a very prosperous one, and in the past China has sent for many rubbers; but she is now beginning to manufacture her own goods, and may ere long be a shipping instead of importing nation, not only in rubber goods, but many other articles of wear.

The run of the factory is regulated by the orders or demand for rubbers. An order received in the morning can be put through from crude rubber to manufactured goods in twenty-four hours, ready for shipment.

Nearly all the rubber factories in the United States are now in a trust or pool.

Cor. Juvenile Instructor.

THE POWER OF MAN.

A Leaf from History, Showing How It Grows and How It Ends.

AMID the forests which overspread the land here and there, some trees are taller, some thicker and some longer-lived than their fellows, although of the same species. But it is one of nature's immutable and unfailing laws that the tallest, the thickest and the longest-lived have these differences only as matters of temporary variance—they all begin alike, are of the same component parts, have corresponding growth and verdure, and finally pass away to be succeeded in the ordinary course of things by others of the same fashion and substance. Those which are favored, if such a term may be used in such connection, above and beyond their class with the majesty of greater height, the beauty of denser foliage and the privilege of longer life, do but serve to show the vanity after all of these special distinctions, for the fall is greater when it comes, being shorn of attractiveness

makes such by contrast even less attractive than those in the same position that were not so favored in the heyday of existence; and like them, when its career is closed, by immediate violence or the rapacious but slow-moving hand of time, it falls a leafless, branchless, decayed trunk upon the embrace of the breast from which it came and derived nutriment and rapidly passes back to its constituent elements.

One phase of created life is in most respects similar to every other, and humanity typifies all of them. While every appearance is that of life, activity, intelligence, creative power and even endurance, all forms and all conditions are constantly in the presence of the destroyer. He casts no shadow, breathes not, and is as silent as the source from whence he comes; but he is never absent and never asleep, never tardy and never neglectful. His final victory is one of the certainties, and at the farthest is not long deferred.

There was once a man of diminutive proportions and peculiar disposition who disposed of kings and queens and statesmen² "as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board." Notwithstanding his inferior stature, he loomed for a season above the rest of mankind as one of the trees previously spoken of looms above its fellows. It has been written of him that "kings were his subjects, nations were his outposts," also that he was "a man without a model and without a shadow." The same authority,* at the beginning of the eulogy which contains the foregoing and many other brilliant bursts of rhetoric, by a strange arrangement of his literary structure begins with an apostrophe to that great man's downfall,

by saying: "He is fallen. We may now pause before that splendid prodigy which towered among us like some ancient ruin. Grand, gloomy and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." But, as is shown, he did fall, and all Europe breathed more freely with the knowledge that he would rise no more. Had he lived the map of the transatlantic powers would not be as it is today, although changed no doubt from what he would have made it. The boundaries of France would have extended from the Alps to the English Channel and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, and so remained till by diplomacy or some monstrous uprising the thralldom of the pigmy giant was thrown from off the formerly subdued provinces. Everything was going as he wished it to in a general way, although subject to occasional reverses, one of which sent him into semi-exile denuded of power and title, this being, it was fondly hoped, the end of his career; but not so. He was at work planning, plotting and conniving with his chief counselor—himself—all the time, and before the powers had an opportunity to act because taken completely by surprise, he was back upon the throne more potent than ever, the fickle populace and easily swayed soldiery being literally at his feet.

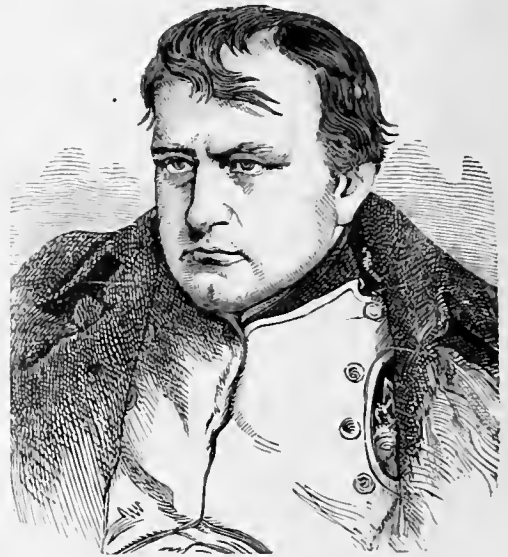
The name of this mighty man was Napoleon Bonaparte. His return to power sent a thrill throughout the entire European structure. If he was hated and feared before, he was despised and dreaded now. He aimed to add to the titles of Emperor of the French and King of Sardinia that of dictator of all nations adjacent to his own. The march toward such consummation had begun. The capital of Belgium had been determined

* Wendell Phillips.

upon as the rallying point where the British army would be driven into the sea and its German allies captured or slain. Intercepted on his way to the field by Blucher at the head of a Prussian force, the latter was defeated and routed with comparative ease by him. The fateful morning came and the British were on the ground in the most perfect readiness. The attack began at ten o'clock, and the battle raged all day, with Wellington's army outfought and forced from their chosen ground by the middle of the afternoon. So desperate was his situation that he was forced to exclaim, "O for night or Blucher!" The man of destiny was so far the winner, and in his joy dispatched a messenger to Paris to impart the glad tidings. Europe would soon be at his mercy and England glad to obey his august will! The fight held savagely and bloodily on. The English were losing ground but had not lost their bravery nor their determination never to yield so long as there was anything to cling to. At last a line of incoherent dark objects appeared as shadowy forms upon the eastern horizon; they gradually took on more substantial shape and assumed tangible outlines. They were horsemen — cavalry — the prayed-for host of Blucher! With his appearance the inspirited Britons fought with redoubled valor, and when the reinforcements plunged into the decimated ranks of the dismayed Frenchmen, the Prussians had but to complete a catastrophe already begun. Soon the cry of "*Sauve qui peut*" (save himself who can) rang along the French line and the rout was complete. In the dusk of that evening, accompanied it may be by the unseen forms of the tens of thousands of men sent to untimely graves to gratify an unholy ambition, Napoleon was leading his horse and wandering aimlessly about.

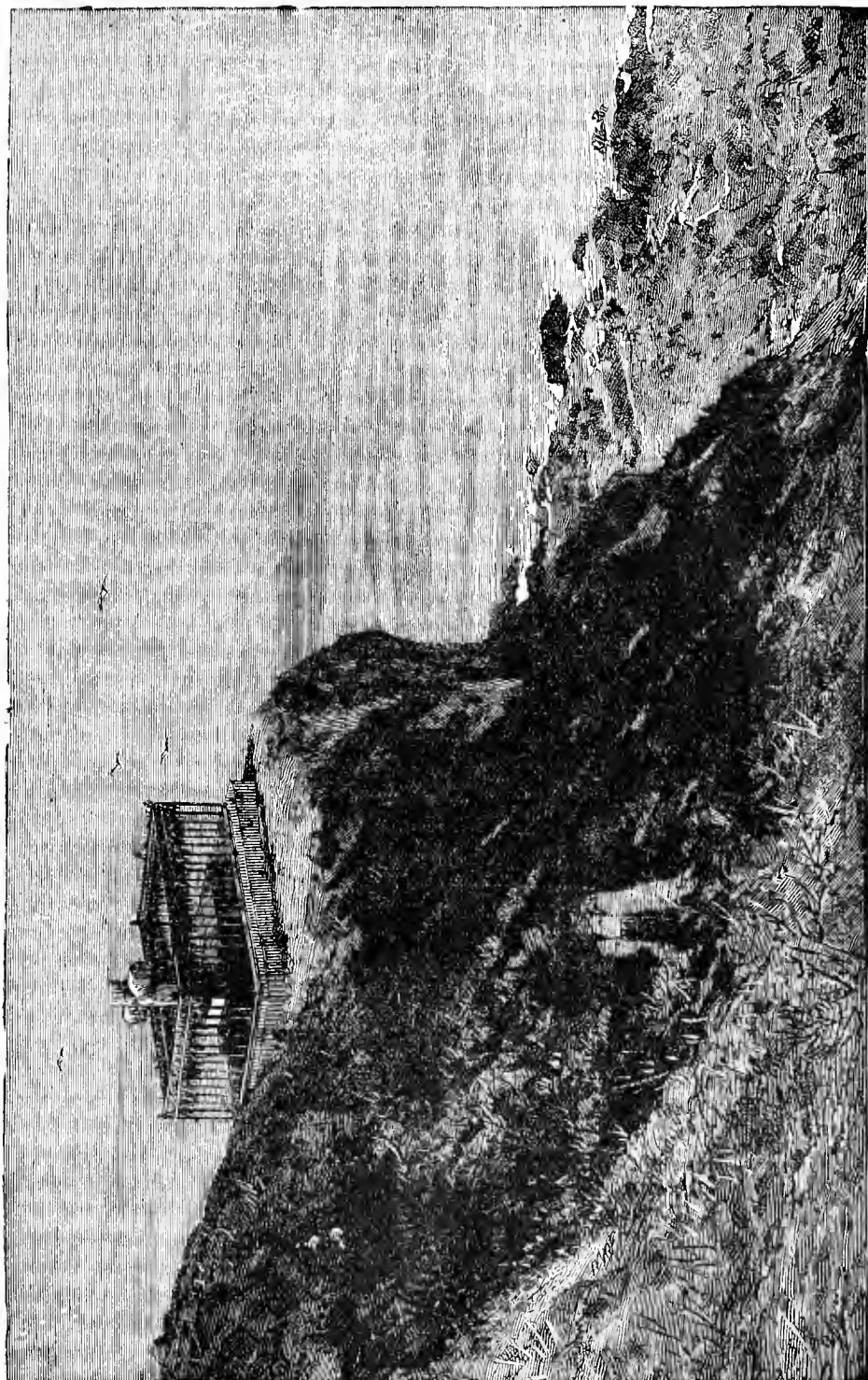
as the tall tree amid the human forest that had sought to overshadow all around and about him, and been hurled to the earth by the unexpected thunderbolt which at the same time stripped him of majesty, adornment and admiration. He was in reality "the somnambulist of an ended dream."

Was not the hand of Providence over it all? As surely as that it was over the scene which culminated the struggle of the Revolutionary heroes against the iron rule of George III, when Cornwallis



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

handed his sword to Washington; as surely as that it was over Jackson at New Orleans when with an inferior force of untried men he overwhelmed the flower of the British arms; as surely as it was at Shiloh where Johnston had Grant well nigh at his mercy and within a short time longer the latter's force must have surrendered or gone into the Tennessee river—at which juncture the Confederate chieftain, one of the tallest and most admired growths in all the Southern forest, himself fell to rise no



NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.

more, the victory went to the North, and the registered decree maintained that there should be but one government and no legal slavery upon this soil.

Men may come and men may go in their varied capacities and terms of existence; but over the great and the small, the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, is an unerring, mysteriously moving power which is "greater than prime ministers," more potent than an army with banners and more just than anything within the conception of man—a Ruler who controls even the destroyer himself.

S. A. Kenner.

THE SQUIRREL FAMILY MOVES.

ONE cold morning in November, Mamma Squirrel made up her mind to move her family into a warmer house for the winter. Calling her little ones, who were gaily hopping from branch to branch, she said:

"Come, my pets, and let mamma teach you how to hop a long way. We are going to move to the next tree, because there we shall find a nice little nest, much warmer and cosier than this. Now, little Dicky, watch me jump. There! Now see if you can come to me."

But poor timid Dicky shook his tiny head, and drew back in fear.

"Oh, mamma, dear, I'm afraid I'll fall; I know I will. It is such a long way."

"No, dear, you won't fall," coaxed the mamma squirrel. "Just one little leap and then you are here. Come, Brownie, you try. Show Dicky that little sister is not afraid. We are going to such a pretty, warm home."

"Are there any nuts there?" queried Brownie, munching away at the one

which she held between her two little paws.

"Yes, lots of them. Come now, Brownie, and see if you can jump farther than Dicky. Oh, such naughty children. I shall have to run off and leave you both."

"Mamma squirrel turned away quite impatiently, and was about to put a still greater distance between her little ones and herself, but ere she could do so they both made a brave attempt and succeeded in reaching her side.

"Don't leave us, mamma squirrel," begged Dicky, his little heart throbbing with fright.

"You must be brave and follow me, then," answered the mother. "We must get to the next branch. Come, dears, one, two, three, now jump."

Brownie followed quite nimbly, but poor Dicky again held back, and had to be coaxed and scolded until his mother's patience was well nigh exhausted. He grew braver after several successful leaps, and cautiously followed his mother and sister. Brownie was more daring, and flew from branch to branch ahead of her mother, jauntily shaking her pert little head, and chattering gaily all the while.

Finally they reached their home, much to the relief of Dicky and his tired mamma, who had almost despaired of ever reaching the place with her timid offspring. Such a snug little chubby hole they found, covered with a bright red carpet of autumn leaves.

"Now, children mine," said mamma squirrel, "we must gnaw a hole through the trunk, and go out and gather some nuts to store away."

"Oh, mamma squirrel, I'm so tired," said Dicky, with a sigh. "Let me stay here and rest awhile."

"Poor little fellow! Brownie and I

will go then, and you must stay right here and not get into any mischief."

Now mamma squirrel and Brownie had not been gone long ere Dicky grew tired of solitude, and thought he would go out and look around. He had not gone far when he met another little squirrel, and the two started off in search of some nuts. Soon they discovered a large heap, and had all they wanted to eat. It was such a pleasant afternoon that they forgot all about home and anxious mammas. They played hide and seek, and enjoyed themselves right merrily, until a sudden shower came and drove them under the leaves, which afforded but a poor shelter.

It was twilight before Dicky found his way home; and when his mamma saw his wet, shivering little body she forgot to scold. Like any other fond, indulgent mamma, she hugged the little truant close to her breast, and concluded he had had punishment enough.

Katie Grever.

TRUE BRAVERY.

IN the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for, after the excitement had passed away.

"I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing ones fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now, Robert was very much like all the rest of us—he hated to admit that

he was in fault. "I'm wrong—forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that.

"It's the right thing to do," he told himself. "If I know what's right and don't do it I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly, and the result was that the two boys were better friends than ever before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

WHERE DIVORCES ARE DIFFICULT.

THE divorce laws of Iceland form a guarantee for the best protection of women against the caprices of "changeable man." If for any reason husband and wife cannot live harmoniously together and decide to separate, they go before a clergyman, who uses every power of logic and persuasion to induce them to reconsider their determination. Failing in this, they are granted a separation, and each goes his or her own way. If there is but one child, this goes to the mother if more than one, they are equally divided, unless one of the parents is regarded as unfit to train them, in which case they are all given to the other. After they have lived apart for three years, and are still inclined to remain separated, the injured party may apply for a divorce; and if the application is based on scriptural grounds, it will be granted, leaving each free to marry again. The fact that there is no "social evil" on the island shows the high moral status of the women.

Ladies Hope Companion.

Our Little Folks.

CONFERENCE LETTER.

DEAR CHILDREN: It is sixty-eight years since the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. The conference this month was one of the best, if not the best, that the Saints have ever held. One thing that should be a source of great joy to us is the fact that we can all have the spirit of prophecy, which is the Spirit of God, if we live right before the Lord. And that good Spirit can give us peace and make us happy always. Only think, children, how good and great a thing this is. To be able to know by the Spirit of God within us, that the words of the prophets, when they speak to the people, are true. That God is with His people and has been all these years, caring for them and leading them in the right way. This was so plainly shown by the speakers in the first meeting of the conference that it must have made every one who heard it feel very grateful and happy. If we have the true spirit of prophecy, then we may be numbered among the prophets, I think, which is a very gratifying thought. The mothers in Zion all, or nearly all, have very fond hopes for their sons and daughters; that they may be the means of much good being done; that they may always be faithful to God; in fact, that they may become prophets and prophetesses unto the Lord. And is it not a most delightful thing for the great leading prophets in the Church to show unto the Saints that by keeping the commandments of God, and perfecting their lives, they may all reach this high standard? Will not every boy and girl try to keep the Word of Wisdom, to pay honest tithes and offerings, and to learn to keep all the laws and com-

mandments of God from this time forth? I trust they will, and ask the Lord to help them.

L. L. Greene Richards.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

MATHEWS WARD.

I HAVE a little brother, and to see his sunny face is almost a treat. He is so willing to help everyone that all who see him love him. He was born on the 6th of June, 1895, while father was away on a mission, and was nearly two years old when father returned. He helps to feed the pigs and chickens, but when the pigs squeal he gets frightened and runs to the house. He took very sick one time, and it seemed as though he could not be relieved of pain until father anointed him with oil and administered to him. Then he went to sleep very soon, and rested well all night, and the next day he seemed to be all right. The Lord is the best physician of all.

John Mathews. Age 10 years.

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PROVO, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—When I was a small girl my mamma was very sick. Some were afraid she would not get well. But I thought if I prayed for her every night and morning that the Lord would spare her life and let her get well again. I did not forget to pray regularly, and in a few days she was much better. She got well in a few weeks, and I was very happy with the knowledge that my prayers had been answered. My faith was also much strengthened. At another time my mamma had bought a pair of new scissors. She let me take them to use with my sewing out in the shade, with a

little friend. She charged me not to lose them, but when I got up to put my work away I could not find them. I hunted everywhere very carefully, but they were not to be found. My friend had gone home, and I went to her house to see if they might have been taken there; but no, they were lost. I began to cry, and went back to the place where I had been sewing and knelt down and prayed. When I got up I found the scissors where I had looked for them before. I was very happy then, and thankful I had been taught to pray and trust in the Lord.

Jessie E. Christenson.

RANDOLPH, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I am nine years old. I go to Sunday School and day school in Argyle. I have four sisters and five brothers. We live on a ranch four and a half miles from Randolph and three from Argyle. We raise ducks, chickens and geese. We milk cows and make butter. We have a good time going to school. Our teacher's name is Mrs. Elmo W. Cook.

Julia M. Jacobson.

DON.

It was a warm July morning, and all without looked bright and cheery. Presently a little noise was heard; something was scratching at the door. Little Ada went and opened it. In crept a little dog. Ada stooped over and picked it up. It then began to howl for joy. Ada thought it was asking her for food, and immediately ran and prepared bread and milk. After it had had its supper, it jumped up into her lap, lay down and was soon fast asleep in her arms. Don, as she afterwards called him, did many good deeds

while he was with the family. One day they were out to the beach on a pleasure trip. Ada had been teasing to go into the water, and at last her father consented. All at once a cry was heard, and eager eyes were looking for danger. Don was no longer on the beach, but was making his way to Ada, who had sunk once into the lake but had risen again. Her arms were around his neck in less than a minute, for her life depended on that faithful creature, Don. He was trying to reach the shore. He reached it in some ten or fifteen minutes, though it seemed as though it had taken him hours. Ada's father was always very fond of Don after that.

Hattie McFarlane. Age 11 years.

MATHEWS WARD, GRAHAM CO., ARIZ.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX.—It pleased me when my Sunday School teacher told me and my classmates that we could write to the Letter-Box. My mamma is a widow, and I have six brothers and one sister. I have six studies in day school. I love to go to Sunday School, and can repeat the Articles of Faith and the Ten Commandments.

Olive Larson. Age 12 years.

PINETOP, A. T.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—Reading the letters of the little boys and girls made me think I would like to write one. We are not having Sunday School here very often now. Our superintendent, Brother Packer, has gone to the Gila; and we have no Primary meetings, for our president, Sister Packer has gone too. I am in the Fourth Reader in School. Our teacher's name is Miss McArthur. My mother has four chil-

dren. She had five, but one was drowned.

Frances Hansen. Age 9 years.

FAIRVIEW, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—This settlement is situated in the southern part of Idaho. It is not closely settled. Most of the people live on their farms. We have a nice meeting-house and a good Sunday School and two Primaries, one in the north part, and one in the south. Most of the grain raised here is wheat. There is some fruit raised, some of the nicest apples I ever saw.

Albertie Griffith. Age 11 years.

FAIRVIEW, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I have been going to school; but the schoolhouse is so small that when the big boys started, papa and mamma thought it would be better for me to stay at home. But I have learned to spell and write a little. We have two dogs, one big, white one named Clan; the other is smaller, and we call him Lep. Sometimes they fight when we feed them. But the other day Clan brought a piece of meat and laid it down in front of Lep, and left it for him to eat.

Azula Griffith. Age 8 years.

VERNAL, UTAH CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—I like to read the little letters, and wish the JUVENILE was full of them. I have six brothers and three sisters. My mamma was fifty-three years old on the 16th of last January, and I am eight years old. I can wash the dishes, sweep the floors, peel potatoes, knit and sew a little. I go to school, and to Sunday School and Primary. All my teachers are very kind, and I love them.

Esther Lybbert. 7 years.

ST. JOSEPH, NAVAJO CO., ARIZ.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have been reading the nice little stories in the Letter-Box. I go to school, and my studies are, arithmetic, language, geography, history, physiology, reading and spelling. We have to walk a mile and a half to school; but we are getting used to it, and do not notice it much. My teacher's name is Thomas Brockbank.

Ada Porter. 11 years.

ST. JOSEPH, ARIZ.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have been reading the little letters in the Letter-Box, and was very much interested in them, so I thought I would try and write a short one. I go to school and read in the Second Reader; my studies are reading, spelling, language and arithmetic. My teacher's name is Horace Gardner.

Aaron Porter. 10 years.

ORANGEVILLE, EMERY CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I take pleasure in reading the letters in the JUVENILE. I have never seen a letter from Orangeville, so I will write one. I go to school every day and try to learn all I can; for when spring comes I will have to quit school and help pa on the farm. I will be pleased to see my letter in print.

Your new friend,

Leroy Thayne. 13 years.

MARION, IDAHO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I am seven years old I have a little sister named Alice Bell. She is five and a half years younger than I am. We think she is very nice. She is just learning to talk. I go to Sunday School and day school, and like my teachers very much.

Elva Tolman.

PAROWAN, IRON CO., UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will try to write a letter about my lamb. My papa and some more men had a sheep herd. One of my uncles told me if I could catch a lamb I could have it. I chased it over a hill. I was barefooted, and it hurt my feet a bit, but at last I caught it. We had a calf, and my lamb and the calf would drink milk together. I would give them a pan of milk every morning and every night. The lamb would not go with other lambs, but would follow the calf around. Papa sold the calf and took the lamb to the sheep herd. It would not stay with the sheep, but would go after the calves. So papa brought it home and one day he killed it, and I felt bad. Papa gave me one dollar when he killed my lamb.

Estella Adams. Age 10 years.

ORDERVILLE, KANE CO.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I have a baby sister named Vera. She was born the day before Christmas. When she was only a few days old she would open her eyes and look all around at us all, as though she would know us after a while. We live a mile away from town, and I ride to school with my brother Joseph on old Frank.

Clara Esplin. Aged 8 years.

MIDWAY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I go to school and Sunday School, and like my teachers. I am eight years old, and I have six brothers and five sisters. Our baby sister is one year old, and her name is Pearl. I like to help mamma take care of her, and I think she is the sweetest baby in town.

Eliza Bronson.

FOURTH WARD, PROVO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: My father has been dead three years. I am his thirtieth child. He had the gift of healing. I was taken very sick one day in school and was sent home. My father administered to me and I was soon made well. Many have been healed under his hands. Since father's death mother administers to us when we are sick. I am a regular attendant at Sunday School and Primary.

Joseph Brigham Harrison. Age 11 years.

BEAVER CITY, UTAH.

My Sunday School teacher's name is Esther Taylor. I learn a great deal from her and love her very much. I also love my teacher in district school, and she is a good teacher. Her name is Mamie Lindsay. I also like very much to read the nice little letters which are in the JUVENILE.

Josie Reese. Aged 10 years.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I have five brothers and one sister. I go to school and am in the Third Reader. I like to go to Primary and Sunday School, and to read the little letters in the JUVENILE.

Mabel Hunter. Age 8 years.

RAMAH, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I will tell my little friends how our mothers have to work in this town. They have to card and spin by hand; and they make shawls, hoods, fascinators, jackets, mittens, and other things; and we make cheese and butter, and raise chickens. The chicken-hawks take half of our chickens. We didn't raise anything to eat here last summer, and did not have

much to live on in the winter. We hope things will be better for us this year.

Maida Nielson. Aged 10 years.

QUESTIONS FOR THE EDITOR.

DEAR Mr. Editor, please, do you know Where the white comes from that's put in the snow?

Why don't they flavor it sometimes with spice,
And color it crimson, like raspberry ice?

No one can tell me—do you understand Baby's endeavor to swallow his hand? He does it, and says "uggle-uggle" between—

What's this derived from, and what does it mean?

What is the square root, and where does it grow,
And how's it extracted? I'm anxious to know;
I've dug till I'm tired, all over the ground,
But every root I exposed has proved round.

Why does a goose bow its head to the floor

When it enters a pen or a barn, at the door?

Is it for manners, or is it, instead,
From an ignorant view of the height of its head?

I heard a man say (and he looked well and strong)

That he "fell in a reverie" going along:
Is it a bog, or a chasm, or what,
And when you fall in does it hurt you or not?

If I take a position in front of a band,
And suck at a lemon just there as I stand,

Why are the players unable to blow,
And what in the world makes their mouths water so?

Why does an insect all obstacles climb,
Which it might well walk round with less trouble and time?

And why, tell me why, has the Manx cat no tail?

Please say by return and oblige

Druid Grayal.

WHO GAVE THE MOST?

THREE children brought a gift one day to the hospital for sick children.

Percy Wilson brought a splendid rocking-horse, for which his rich father had paid. It had a lovely mane and a long tail, and there were beautiful reins and a comfortable saddle. Everyone said: "How kind, how generous, of dear little Percy!" and the matron thanked and praised him for his expensive gift.

Elsie Payne brought a doll, a musical top, a tea-service, a toy organ, a farm-yard, and a doll's house. She had cleared out an old cupboard, and packed up for the poor children a number of toys she did not care for and would not miss.

Willie Bloom was a poor boy himself. He had saved two pennies in his money-box to buy himself a top, but he made up his mind to go without the top himself; and, purchasing a small plant, he carried the little pot to the hospital, and left it there for a crippled child.

Who gave the most? Let us try to bear this little tale in mind when we are inclined to think ourselves liberal and generous; let us ask ourselves whether our gift has resulted from any self-denial.

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Highest Honors—World's Fair
Gold Medal—Midwinter Fair

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PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

40 Years the Standard.

Keep Money at Home

By Insuring in the

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Walker's Store.

Carpets and Upholstery Stuffs.

This Department of our Commodious Dry Goods House is a center of great interest these days and well should it be if there is anything interesting in very good goods at very low prices.



Only space here for very meagre mention of some special prices.

Very pretty, dainty Muslin Curtains, 40 inches wide, 3 yards long 4 inch ruffled edge, worth \$1.75 a pair we are selling for \$1.25.

Gold Drapery Silkoline, for pillow covering and draperies, new colorings and patterns, special prices, per yard, 12½c.

Art Tickings, Denims and Cretomes in floral and Oriental designs 33 to 3 inches wide, will wash, per yard 15c, 20c and 25c.

We are making a special price on Union Carpets and selling a 45c value, 36 inches wide, the yard at 35c. Also 3 patterns of choice velvets, blue, green, and tan grounds, \$1.10 grade at 85c.

We send carpet samples, but customer must pay charges one way, and return to us.

Send for new Spring and Summer Catalogue.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.

[WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER.]



CURRENT TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT MARCH 5th, 1898.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:45 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	7:40 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	5:00 p. m.
No. 3—For Ogden and the West	9:10 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	12:30 p. m.
No. 42—Leaves Salt Lake City for Park City and intermediate points at	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East	12:20 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East	9:05 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and all intermediate points	5:25 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:35 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:30 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	5:30 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

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We invite inspection and a share of your valued orders. Respectfully

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Think of it now before the warm weather encourages your chronic troubles with petty sickness.

Our Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla with Iodide of Potassium, the best known blood purifier only 75c a bottle.

Beef Iron and Wine 75c for a full pint bottle will make you fat. Victor's Little Liver Pills cures chronic constipation and will put you in a good humor.

Our Witch Hazel Toilet Cream keeps the skin from chapping 25c. For indigestion take Victor's Anti-Dyspeptic Powder it will restore the appetite by insuring perfect digestion of the food.

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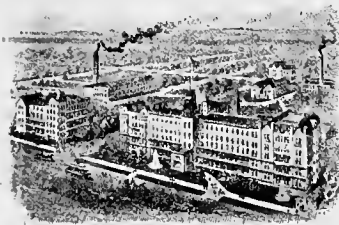
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NUTTOLINE. The newest of our nut foods, a substitute for butter and cream in the preparation of foods.

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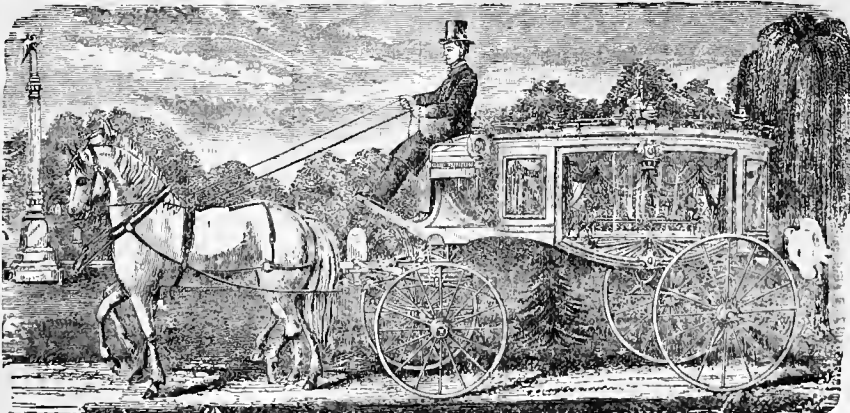
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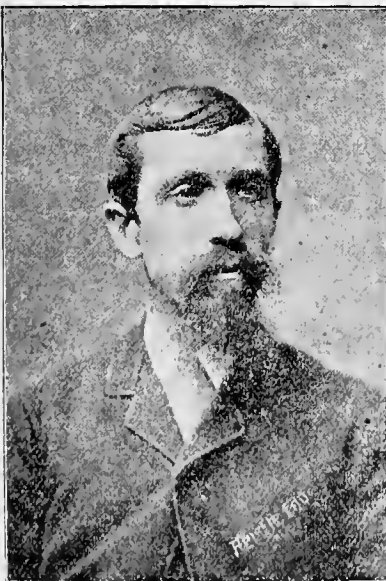
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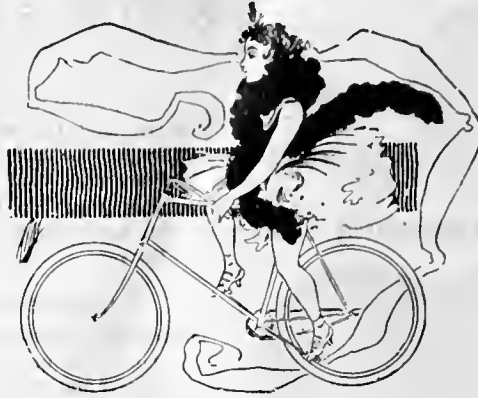
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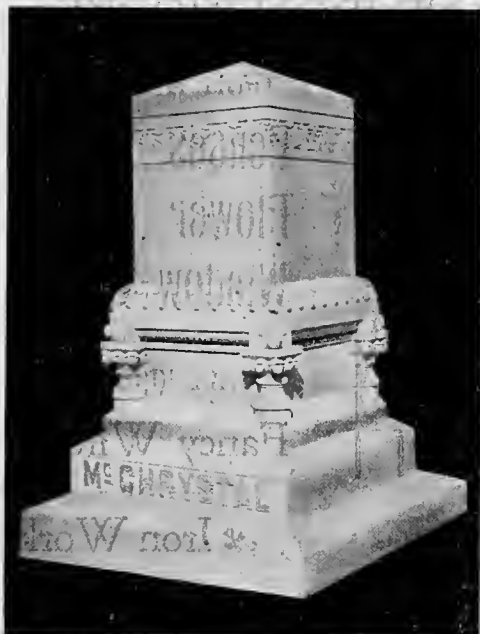
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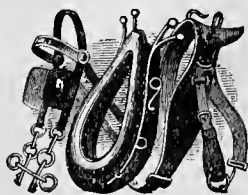
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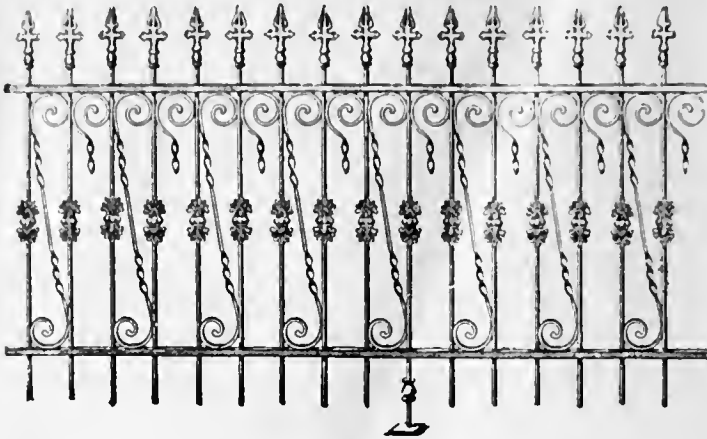
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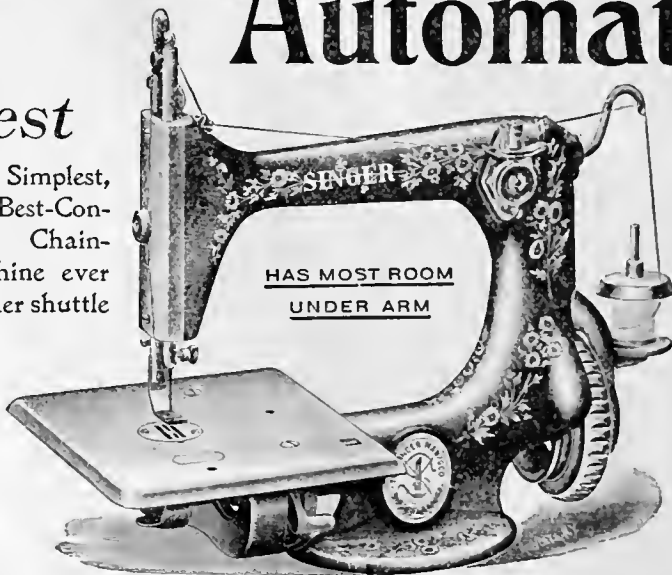
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